

M.G.M. BRITITSH STUDIOS, ELSTREE.

"THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED"

Version of

27th Oct. 1959

FADE IN:

1. EXT. LOC. MEADOW AND MANOR HOUSE. DAY. 1.

In the foreground several sheep are grazing. CAMERA HOLDS on a tractor which moves across a field towing a plough. We PAN with the tractor to hold an imposing English country house.

2. INT. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. DAY. 2.

A MAN moves to the phone on a desk. This is GORDON ZELLABY. His face is mature, rich and expressive. He has a vast dignity. His eyes mirror the complex intellect which has made him one of the foremost theoretical physicists of the day.

He reaches for the phone on the desk.

ZELLABY

Good morning. Would you get me  
Major Bernard at his Whitehall  
number please ... Thank you.

He puts down the phone and crosses to the window where he stands looking at -

3. EXT. KYLE MANOR. LOC. DAY.

ZELLABY'S P.O.V. - the peaceful countryside. The phone rings o.s.

4. INT. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. STUDIO. DAY.

CLOSE on phone ringing. We PULL BACK and UP as ZELLABY reaches for it. He half sits and half stands against the edge of the desk.

ZELLABY

Thank you ... Hello, Alan? It's  
Gordon. Look, you're coming down  
today, aren't you? ... Good. Well,  
could you pick up a book for me and  
bring it with you? It's.....

All at once and before he can utter another word, ZELLABY slumps forward and falls, his hand striking the swivel chair at his desk as he goes down.

5. ANGLE TOWARDS CHAIR

5.

As it spins round crazily and then wheels to a stop. CAMERA JIBS down revealing ZELLABY on the floor and the telephone dangling above him. HOLD PHONE into C.S.

ALAN'S VOICE (over phone)  
Hello ... Hello ... Gordon .....

6. INT. WAR OFFICE. MAJOR ALAN BERNARD'S ROOM. DAY.

6.

Alan Bernard in uniform, ZELLABY'S Brother-in-Law and a man in his early thirties jiggles the telephone receiver. He is a ruggedly good-looking man, with crispness and efficiency in his movements.

ALAN: (Into phone)  
Hello... Operator ... operator....  
Blast it!

He turns to a W.R.A.C. secretary.

ALAN:  
Got cut off. It was my Brother-in-Law would you try to get through again?  
I've got to change.

He hands her the receiver and moves to a doorway. CAMERA CENTRES on the W.R.A.C. secretary, Miss Smith.

MISS SMITH: (Into phone)  
Yes, operator. We've been cut off from Midwich 341 - yes ....

She holds.

7. INT. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. DAY.

7.

The phone dangling. The WOMAN OPERATOR'S voice comes through.

OPERATOR'S VOICE:  
Hello... Hello... please replace your receiver... hello.... hello....

CAMERA PANS DOWN to ZELLABY lying on the floor. Through the open window comes the sound of a racing tractor engine.

8. EXT. LOC. MANOR HOUSE. DAY.

8.

The engine is racing o.s., approaching rapidly. Suddenly the tractor comes into shot from behind CAMERA. We follow it as it careers crazily round and round. The DRIVER is sprawled over the steering wheel, his arms dangling. One foot is pressed down on the accellarator and the engine is screaming.

CAMERA PANS to a L.S. of MIDWICH VILLAGE.

9. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH VILLAGE. DAY.

9.

A picturesque English village of Jacobean and Georgian houses, with a squared towered church at the side of the small green. It is a village of the dead.

From the Manor Fields in the distance comes the high scream of the tractor, breaking the dead silence.

A LABOURER, his barrow on its side, its contents spilled over the road, lies strangely sprawled in the foreground. Beyond him, a small van tilts crazily where it has run against a bank. Its cargo of market boxes stretches in a trail back from where it has begun to tilt.

A phone rings somewhere. CAMERA TRACKS into a sign: MIDWICH POST OFFICE AND GENERAL STORES.

10. INT. POST OFFICE AND STORES. DAY.

10

Miss Ogle, the Post mistress and Telephone Operator sprawls drunkenly over her switchboard, still and silent, her earphones twisted half off her head. The phone goes on ringing.

We TRACK PAST the post office counter and into the General Stores. A WOMAN'S FIGURE is slumped on the floor behind the counter. A box of soup packets is strewn across her where they have fallen.

CAMERA PANS across to where a trickle of water creeps through a doorway. The telephone is still ringing.

11. INT. SHOP KITCHEN. DAY.

A tap pours water into a full sink from which it runs down across the floor. CAMERA MOVES into the tap.

12. INT. HARRINGTON'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

12.

CLOSE ON an iron which is slowly smouldering on an ironing board. In the background we hear a strident and constantly repeated phrase of rock-and-roll as if from a grammophone record, with the needle stuck in a groove.

We pull back to reveal MRS. HARRINGTON, a middle-aged country woman lying on the floor. A trickle of blood comes from her forehead where she has hit it on the corner of a sideboard.

CAMERA TRACKS AWAY and nearer the source of music we TRACK PAST EVELYN HARRINGTON, a YOUNG GIRL of 16, lying half off the couch, near the Gramophone which we now hold into C.S., with the needle endlessly stuck in the groove.

We TILT UP towards the window, which is flapping slightly.

13. EXT. LOC. HIGH STREET. MIDWICH. DAY.

13.

CRANE SHOT. Start on HARRINGTON'S Window, pan away to the empty high street - dead, except for a piece of newspaper fluttering along it. CRANE UP to a HIGH ANGLE comprehensive view of the village - smoke coming from the windows, otherwise complete petrification.

The first stroke of the hour booms into the silence. CAMERA SWINGS ROUND to CHURCH TOWER, the clock standing at 11.0.

HOLD FOR TITLES.

DISSOLVE:

14. INT. GENERAL LEIGHTON'S OFFICE. WHITEHALL - DAY.

14

It is a plain office furnished according to army establishment - that is, it has a large desk, some chairs, a coat rack, and a small carpet. The wall behind the desk is covered by various maps showing army command areas.

CAMERA STARTS on a wall clock, showing the time to be 12.15. We hear the GENERAL and ALAN's voice before we see them.

LEIGHTON

For more than an hour, you say?

ALAN

Yes, sir.

We now reveal ALAN facing GENERAL LEIGHTON, a quietly dignified man in his late fifties, tall, sparse and more professional than military. ALAN is now dressed in civilian clothes, his mackintosh slung over a chair back. He crosses to one of the maps on the wall as he speaks.

LEIGHTON

Perhaps something went wrong with his phone.

ALAN

That's what puzzled me. You see I've also tried the vicar, the general stores and the post office, and I can't get any reply from any of them.

LEIGHTON (smiling)

Well, country telephone exchanges being what they are...

ALAN

I know. Only - look here, sir.

His finger circles over a section of the map.

ALAN

Midwich is here - and Fourth Area have been running that exercise of theirs all round it.

LEIGHTON

M'm.

14.  
contd.

ALAN

I don't expect there's anything in it, but I was wondering, since I was going down for the week-end anyway, if you'd permit me to leave a little earlier than I'd intended.

14  
contd.

LEIGHTON

All right, Alan. Give me a ring later - I shall be here till five.

ALAN

Thank you, sir.

He prepares to go. When he is at the door, LEIGHTON calls him back.

LEIGHTON

And alan.

ALAN turns at the door.

ALAN

Sir?

LEIGHTON smiles.

LEIGHTON (smiling)

Have a nice week-end. And give Gordon my respects.

ALAN looks annoyed for a moment, then gives a small smile and moves out.

ALAN

I will. Good-bye, sir.

He goes. LEIGHTON turns to the map. His smile fades as, thoughtfully, he looks at the area which ALAN had pointed.

15. EXT. COUNTRY NEAR MIDWICH. DAY

15.

HIGH ANGLE L.S. ALAN driving in a small open sports car rapidly along a somewhat winding lane.

16. TRAVELLING SHOT.

16.

CAMERA TRAVELLING in front of ALAN as he speeds along. On a slight rise he passes P.C. GOBBY, a village constable, riding his bicycle in the same direction. ALAN brakes hard and reverses, coming to a halt near GOBBY.

17. CLOSER

17.

ALAN leans out towards GOBBY.

ALAN

Morning, Gobby.

GOBBY

Oh - it's Major Bernard, sir.....

ALAN

Gobby, what's the matter with the telephones? I've been trying to get through all morning.

GOBBY

Well, it's funny you should ask Major - I've just been sent to look for the bus which hasn't turned up ... we can't get through by phone either.

Without replying, ALAN slams into gear and roars out of shot. GOBBY scratches his head at ALAN's abruptness, then re-mounts his cycle. As he starts to cycle away, there is a screech of brakes.

18. BROW OF HILL

18

M.S. ALAN and SPORTCAR. He has stopped and is staring out of shot. GOBBY comes cycling up in the background. As he catches up ALAN says:

ALAN

Here's your bus, Gobby.

GOBBY follows ALAN's look. His eyes widen.



18 Cont'd...

GOBBY:

Strewth!

REVERSE

Their P.O.V. Full shot of local bus leaning drunkenly, nose in the ditch, tail on the crown of the road. No sign of life.

19. RESUME GOBBY AND ALAN

19.

They are staring

GOBBY:

Better have a look!

He wheels the bicycle out of shot. Alan <sup>looks</sup> ~~calls~~ after him -

~~ALAN:~~

~~Careful. We don't know what ....~~

20. RESUME REVERSE

20.

GOBBY is wheeling his bicycle towards the stranded bus. Suddenly without warning he keels over and falls on the road. He lies there without moving.

21. C.S. ALAN:

21.

He stares. Then he pulls himself together.

22. FULL SHOT

22

ALAN and CAR. He lets the car into reverse gear, and then turns making his tyres burn the road surface as he accellarates away.

DISSOLVE

22a INT. STUDIO. GENERAL LEIGHTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

LEIGHTON is talking into the telephone.

LEIGHTON

All right, Alan, you'd better get hold of the local area commander - what's his name - Ward Johnson. Tell him to call me if he wants authorisation, and I'll get things moving this end. Oh - and Alan: make sure the newspapers don't get hold of this for the time being. If anything has got out of hand, we don't want any panic. Report back as soon as you have any results.

He puts down the phone, looks thoughtful for a moment, then flips down a switch.

LEIGHTON

Get me South Eastern Area, please.

DISSOLVE:

23. EXT. LOC. NEAR MIDWICH. DAY.

23.

CAMERA STARTS on C.S. of sign reading:  
 "W.D. ROAD CLOSED. MILITARY EXERCISE."

We PAN with an R.E. Sergeant who is supervising a pair of soldiers painting a wide white band across the road surface. Beyond them, an army three-tonner is drawn into the side of the road, with another further down. From the latter a group of soldiers is debouching and starting to deploy at widely spaced intervals along a line of white flagged stakes driven into a field.

Disappearing into a copse, a further small group of soldiers moves to continue the guard on a perimeter line.

CAMERA MOVEMENT continues to reveal a further road-block. A.P.C. stands besides two soldiers with rifles as a civilian car turns and drives back down the way it has come.

We now see in the distance the village of Midwich with its church tower.

24. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH LANE. DAY.

24.

C.S. A cage is thrust forward on the end of a long pole. ANGLE WIDENS revealing ALAN watching a soldier who is extending the cage. In the background we see the bus still askew and GOBBY still lying motionless. To one side is SAPPER wearing a mask. A rope is tied around his waist. Two other uniformed SAPPERS stand by holding the far end of the rope. We see an R.A.F. Radio Control Van parked, with some R.A.F. personnel, and a little further down an army photographer is taking photographs.

25. THE CAGE AND THE CANARY

25.

The little bird suddenly topples from its perch onto the sanded floor of the cage. The cage is instantly withdrawn. The bird gives an out-raged tweet and hops back onto its perch.

26. ALAN AND SAPPER

26.

ALAN turns towards the masked SAPPER.

26. Cont'd..

ALAN:

You needn't go in if you don't want to.

SAPPER:

I don't mind having a go, sir.

He clamps the mask closed and ALAN gives it a final adjustment.

ALAN:

Quite sure?

The MAN nods. ALAN throws an alerting glance at the two men with the rope. Now the masked man begins a slow, deliberate advance, past the long, curved line of whitewash on the road and towards the bus.

27. ANOTHER ANGLE

27.

Dr. WILLER'S car pulls into a halt behind the group. Dr. WILLERS, a comfortable looking middle-aged man - the local doctor - gets out and walks forward to join ALAN. He is puzzled.

WILLERS:

Oh - it's you, Alan. What on earth is going on? I've been trying to...

ALAN:

Just a minute....

He gives a quick look at the doctor, recognises him and smiles briefly.

ALAN:

... Doctor ... Glad you're here, we might want you ...

The DOCTOR continues to look puzzled.

28. THE MASKED SAPPER

28.

As the rope plays out. He comes almost abreast of GOBBY and reaches towards him with a grappling hook. All at once he folds up and tumbles to the ground.

29. DR. WITHERS

29.

Reacting to the SAPPERS fall.

30. ALAN AND GROUP

ALAN snaps his hand down in a signal. The Sappers tug at the rope, pulling the masked man back towards them.

31. RESUME DR. WILLERS.

31.

He starts to move out of shot.

DR. WILLERS:

What's wrong with him...?

32. ALAN

32.

Crosses to the SAPPERS as they continue to pull the masked man towards them.

ALAN:

That's what we're trying to find out ....

33. MASKED SAPPER

being pulled across the white line, CAMERA following., and bringing ALAN and the other SAPPERS back into frame. ALAN bends down, feeling the SAPPERS FACE and then looks across towards Dr. WILLERS.

ALAN:

Will you take a look at him, Doc?

34. DR. WILLERS

34.

steps forward, CAMERA PANNING with him to a three shot. He kneels and takes the sapper's wrist.

WILLERS:

Take off the respirator -

ALAN pulls the straps from the SAPPER'S head and folds the respirator down onto the man's chest.

WILLERS:

Pulse normal.....

He looks down at the man's face and lifts his eyelids.

35. CLOSE SHOT.

35.

Across the SAPPER'S body towards DR. WILLERS who is puzzled.

DR. WILLERS

Breathing normally - he just seems to have- fainted...

The SAPPER stirs.

DR. WILLERS

He's coming round.

He looks towards ALAN.

DR. WILLERS

Don't you think you'd better tell me what this is all about?

36. OMITTED

36.

37. GROUP

37.

ALAN (breaking in)

Doctor, when were you last in the village?

WILLERS

Midwich? Left about ten o'clock - had a couple of cases in Widmarsh - now I find roadblocks all over the place ... I've got to get back, Alan. I've got patients...

ALAN

My hunch is that all your patients in Midwich are in the same state as this man.

38. C.S. SAPPER

38

He heaves a deep sigh, opens his eyes, and looks bewildered.

WILLERS (o.s.)

All right now -

The SAPPER struggles to sit up.

39. GROUP

This includes some of the men in the background, WILLERS ALAN and the SAPPER in the F.G. WILLERS puts one arm on the sapper's shoulder and takes his pulse with the other hand.

WILLERS

Take it easy, old chap -

ALAN (breaking out)

What can it be? To put a man out,  
like a light, penetrate our  
respirators, do all this...

WILLERS

Some sort of gas?

ALAN

Can't be - any breeze would have  
blown it about a bit, and the edges  
of the area are as well defined as -  
as that hedge there...

39. Cont'd...

SAPPER: (Muttering)

Cold.....

The others turn to him.

ALAN:

What did you say?

The SAPPER looks at him, slightly befogged and vague.

SAPPER:

Ice-cold....

He gets up, then turns.

SAPPER:

I'm all right, sir - only cold, my  
hands feel like ice....

Suddenly the group's attention is drawn to the sound  
of an aircraft approaching overhead.

40. ANGLE SKYWARDS

40.

A small airoplane coming towards as - an R.A.F.  
reconnaisance plane.

41. INT. COCKPIT PLANE - CLOSE ON PILOT - (PROCESS)  
as he looks toward earth.

41.

42. FROM HIS ANGLE - MIDWICH

42.

and the quilted fields around it.

43. INT. COCKPIT - CLOSE ON PILOT - (PROCESS)

43.

PILOT (into microphone)  
Charley Able One to Midwich field  
unit. Reporting over area....



44. INT. STUDIO. RADIO VAN. DAY

44.

The Operator is at the portable radio set.

RADIO OPERATOR (Into  
Microphone)

Midwich to Charley Able One.  
Can you see anything?

ALAN enters the van

45. INT. COCKPIT - CLOSE ON PILOT - (PROCESS)

45.

He cranes over to see better.

PILOT (Into microphone)  
Everything looks all right from  
here.

46. INT. STUDIO. RADIO VAN.

46.

ALAN takes microphone from the operator and  
speakes into it.

ALAN (into microphone)  
This is Major Bernard speaking,  
can you see nothing unusual at all  
in Midwich? No - object?

47. INT. COCKPIT - CLOSE ON PILOT - (PROCESS)

47.

PILOT (into microphone)  
No, sir. Nothing...Matter of  
fact - that's odd...Nothing is  
moving down there. I can see some  
people, but - they're not moving  
either. They're - they're on the  
ground.

48. INT. STUDIO. RADIO VAN DAY.

48.

ALAN (into microphone)  
As though they've fallen?

PILOT'S VOICE (filtered)  
Yes, sir.

48. Cont'd...

ALAN (into microphone)  
Take it down, then, as close to  
the deck as you can. But pull up  
the minute you feel anything.

49. INT. STUDIO - COCKPIT.(PROCESS)

49.

CLOSE ON PILOT

PILOT (into microphone)  
Feel anything, sir?

ALAN'S VOICE  
Anything unusual.

PILOT (into microphone)  
Roger.

He pushes his stick forward.

50. THE PLANE - AIR-TO-AIR SHOT

50.

as it wings over and starts down.

51. EXT. LOC. RADIO VAN. DAY.

51.

ALAN steps out of the van holding the microphone  
and looks up towards the sky, watching tensely.

52. INT. COCKPIT - ON PILOT -(PROCESS)

52.

PILOT (into microphone)  
Still nothing moving, sir.  
Taking her down....

CAMERA DOLLIES IN on his eyes. We HEAR ALAN's  
voice over the radio:

ALAN'S VOICE (filtered)  
Careful now... Easy....

Slowly, the pilot's eyes close. Then his head falls  
forward in apparent sleep. CAMERA TILTS BACK and  
FORTH, then the FRAME SWIRLS suddenly, violently.

53. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH LANE. DAY 53.  
Group shot: all staring up at the plane.
54. GROUND TO AIR 54.  
Their P.O.V. as the plane wings over and starts down in a screaming straight-in dive.
55. CLOSE ON ALAN 55.  
a whispered prayer on his lips. O.S. from above the WHINE of the plunging aircraft intensifies.
56. CLOSE ON THE DOCTOR 56.  
staring skyward, horrified. Now the screeching whine is overpoweringly close.
57. CLOSE ON ALAN 57.  
He closes his eyes. The crash is heard O.S. Then there is a deadly stillness.
58. FULL SHOT - THE GROUP 58.  
including the technicians, stand stunned.
59. EXT. LOC. SMALL COPSE. DAY. 59.  
Their P.O.V. from behind the trees an angry mushroom of black smoke and flame rises to the sky.
60. ALAN 60.  
and his stricken face, the half-guilt and responsibility for the crash written in his eyes.

60 contd.

Overscene, into the sudden silence, we can hear the distant approach of another aircraft - this time the more powerful roar of a liner.

ALAN suddenly pulls himself together and dashes into the Radio Van.

60a INT. STUDIO. RADIO VAN. DAY.

60a

ALAN hurries across to the OPERATOR.

ALAN

There's another aircraft approaching.  
Send out a general warning at once -  
all aircraft to avoid this area and  
not to drop below five thousand.

OPERATOR

Yes, sir. (he starts to speak into  
mic.) Midwich to base. Midwich to  
base. Urgent. Repeat urgent.

ALAN hurries outside again.

OPERATOR

Warn all aircraft to avoid area five  
miles radius latitude 51 degrees  
10 minutes 30 seconds North. Longitude  
1 degree 11 minutes 20 secs. West.  
Maintain minimum altitude of 5,000  
feet - I repeat....

60b EXT. LOC. RADIO VAN. DAY.

60b

ALAN is standing outside again looking anxiously up at the sky. The noise of the airliner is now nearer.

60c GROUND TO AIR: STOCK SHOT: AIRLINER

60c

Approaching distantly, then veering away.

61 C.S. WILLERS

61

Also watching anxiously. Slowly the aircraft noise dies into silence again. At that point, from a nearby field, comes a plaintive 'moo'. WILLERS does not at once react until he hears it for the second time. Quickly he turns his head.

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61. C.S. WILLERS

61.

His eyes travel slowly from the smoke to ALAN. His mind reads ALAN'S thoughts. Dead silence. Then, suddenly, from a nearby field comes a plaintive "moo". WILLERS does not react until he hears it for the second time. Quickly he turns his head.

62. EXT. FIELD. LOC. DAY.

62.

A COW slowly struggles to its feet, its head low.

63. WILLERS, ALAN AND GROUP

63.

Reacting to the cow's survival. One of the MEN hears a movement off-screen. He reacts to this.

SOLDIER:

Blimey - Look!

The others follow his look.

64. THE BUS

64.

Still angled as before, but suddenly, slowly and rather dazed two or three people come crawling uncertainly out of it. In the foreground GOBBY shows signs of life and begins to sit up.

65. RESUME GROUP

65.

All looking at the bus. ALAN slowly starts to move forward, CAMERA TRACKING WITH HIM and tilting down as he approaches and, very carefully, crosses the white line.

66. C.S. ALAN

66.

His expression as he continues to cross the line. We TRACK AWAY from him and PAN, widening the shot as he walks faster and at last reaches GOBBY'S side.

67. C.S. GOBBY

67.

Dazed, looking up at ALAN.

68. INT. STUDIO. POST OFFICE AND STORES. DAY. 68.

MATCHING C.S. MISS OGLE. She is standing by her switchboard, her hand to her head, dazed. She looks off as she hears a sound, and sways out of shot.

69. REVERSE TOWARDS SHOP COUNTER 69.

MRS. PLUMPTON, the elderly shop assistant is sitting up, idly handling the soup packet. MISS OGLE enters to help her, then realises that the water is still running in the kitchen. She brushes past MRS. PLUMPTON and staggers into the kitchen to turn off the tap.

70. INT. STUDIO. HARRINGTON LIVING ROOM. DAY. 70

CLOSE ON iron, still smouldering. A jugful of water is splashed over it sending up a cloud of steam with a violent hiss. AS CAMERA PULLS BACK we see EVELYN HARRINGTON put the jug on the table and move to where her MOTHER has smeared the blood from her cut forehead and is staring in bewilderment at her red fingers. EVELYN seizes a cloth from the table to staunch the wound.

71. INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. DAY. 71.

C.S. the dangling telephone. ZELLABY'S hand picks it up and replaces it on the cradle.

72. M.S. ZELLABY

Sitting into the swivel chair, a little dazed, passing his hand across his eyes. Behind him the door opens and ANTHERA, his wife, enters. She is lovely and at least twenty years his junior. At the moment she is terribly troubled and confused.

ANTHERA:

Gordon.....

He turns round to face her.

ANTHERA:

Darling, I'm sorry. I - I must have dozed off. Look at the time.

72. Cont'd....

ZELLABY levels a solemn look at the clock on the wall.

73. INSERT CLOCK

73.

Showing the time to be ten to three.

ANTHEA: (O.S.)

Almost three. Why didn't you call me?

74. ANOTHER ANGLE

74.

ANTHEA in f-g. ZELLABY in his chair in the b.g.  
ANTHEA turns back towards the door.

ANTHEA:

I'd better see what's happened  
to lunch ....

ZELLABY:

Anthea!

She turns back towards him. He rises crossing to her.  
His voice is puzzled and withdrawn.

ZELLABY:

Darling, I .....

He gives a small laugh and gestures.

ZELLABY:

I found myself asleep on the floor -

75. C.S. ANTHEA

75.

She looks at him, eyes widening.

ZELLABY: (O.S. - cont'd)

Extraordinary thing to do, wasn't it?

76. C.S. ZELLABY

76.

He is smiling, trying to make light of it.

ZELLABY:

Perhaps I'm getting old.

77. RESUME ANTHEA

77.

She suddenly gives a little shiver.

ANTHEA:

I'm - I'm cold .....

78. TWO SHOT

78.

ZELLABY touches her briefly, then looks round, moving towards the fireplace.

ZELLABY:

Fire's gone out.

Only ashes have remained in the grate. ZELLABY drops on his knees and reaches towards a little pile of newspapers.

ANTHEA:

Did you - did we .... faint?

ZELLABY nods.

79. REVERSE

79.

Towards ANTHEA as she crosses to him.

ZELLABY:

Must have blacked out.

ANTHEA:

Why?

ZELLABY has now built a little pyramid of wood and newspaper and tries to light a match.

ZELLABY: (Thoughtfully)

Fingers are quite numb.

ANTHEA drops down to him.

CLOSER

The flames leap up as they crouch by the fireplace. ANTHEA looks at him.

ANTHEA:

Why, Gordon?



79 cont....

79

He now looks back at her. There is great love, a feeling of protectiveness in his eyes, as there is a great feeling of love and trust in hers, even though she is now frightened.

ANTHEA

Gordon, what did happen?

He reaches for her hand, and she leans towards him so that, quite naturally, they come together in an embrace, his eyes folded protectively about her.

ZELLYBY

I don't know....

79a EXT. LOC. KYLE MANOR. DAY.

79a

ALAN's car drives up and stops with a shriek of brakes outside the front door. ALAN hurries out of the car and dashes into the building.

80 INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR. LIBRARY. DAY.

80

It bursts open and ALAN almost literally explodes into the room. His anxious expression immediately gives way to relief.

ANTHEA (o.s.)

Alan!

He starts to hurry towards them.

81. COMPREHENSIVE

81

ANTHEA and ZELLYBY rise from the fireplace and meet ALAN half way in the room. He kisses ANTHEA.

ALAN (a statement)

You're all right!

ZELLYBY (with a smile)

You're late.

ALAN

I couldn't get through.

ZELLYBY

You couldn't get through?

ANTHEA

What did you mean, Alan, we're all right? I mean, how did you know?

81. Cont'd...

ALAN:

What?

ZELLABY:

Well, it's an extraordinary thing,  
but we seem to have blacked out ~~for~~  
some hours.

ALAN:

I know. You see -

ANTHEA: (With sudden briskness)

It must have been some sort of slow  
leak in the gas - I shall have to  
have...

ALAN: (breaking in)

It wasn't only you two. The  
whole village fell asleep.

ZELLABY:

The whole village!

ALAN:

All of Midwich was cut off from the  
outside world for ~~two~~ hours.  
several

82. C.S. ZELLABY

82.

Reacting strongly.

83. C.S. ANTHEA

83.

Also reacting. Then she pulls herself together.

84. GROUP

84.

ANTHEA turns towards the door.

ANTHEA:

I must go and see if they're all  
right in the kitchen -

We PAN with her as she goes.

85. EXT. LOC. ROAD TO MIDWICH. DAY

85.

LOW ANGLE SHOT: A couple of trucks, the radio van  
and a car pass close to Camera at speed. We PAN with  
the last vehicle to see the beginnings of the village.

86. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH VILLAGE. DAY.

86.

CAMERA TRAVELLING with convoy, down the high street. As we pass we see some of the villagers, still dazed, wandering about and starting to remove the evidence of their three hour's sleep - the LABOURER, bemused, moving slowly to and fro, picking up his agricultural implements and the contents of his barrow, the DRIVER of the van lifting the crates of flowers and lettuce back on his truck, etc, etc.

As the convoy comes racing through, the VILLAGERS stop and stare at it, turning to each other to whisper their comments: meanwhile the vehicles squeal to a halt, SOLDIERS leap down from them, off-loading equipment, directed by a young LIEUTENANT and two SERGEANTS. TWO POLICE CARS, coming from the opposite direction pull to a halt and the blue of the Police uniforms are added to the busy scene, on which we -

DISSOLVE:

87. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH VILLAGE. DAY.

87.

C.S. MINE DETECTOR carefully moving across the pavement. As the shot widens, we see a number of SAPPERS moving carefully about the streets covering the ground with mine detectors. CAMERA TRACKS AWAY from them to hold some MEN with Geiger counters in C.S. and, beyond them, the curious villagers held clear of the Military proceedings by two POLICEMEN.

Through the little knot of people we see ALAN and ZELLABY arriving, and now follow them across to the Post Office where a SERGEANT plays a piece of equipment over the ground and walls, watched by MISS OGLE and three small excited children.

ALAN:

Anything registering, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

No, sir - not a click.

ALAN:

Well, keep at it.

They are moving on when MISS OGLE stops ZELLABY. ALAN carries on.

MISS OGLE:

Oh - Mr. Zellaby -

87 contd.

87

ZELLABY

Yes, Miss.Ogle?

MISS OGIE

Is he ... are these people with  
the telephone company?

ZELLABY smiles.

ZELLABY

No - not the telephone company.

MISS OGIE

That's what I said. I mean, if  
they want to pull the wool over  
our eyes they ought to think of  
something better...

ZELLABY starts to move away, still smiling.

ZELLABY

I'm trying to find out...

MISS OGIE

After all, we're not stupid, are  
we? What'd happened ain't natural.

ZELLABY puts an arm about her shoulder and leads her a little  
apart. He speaks seriously to her, and at the same time  
quite deliberately exercises his charm on her.

ZELLABY

Tell you what we'll do, Miss Ogle.  
I'll press for an official  
explanation, while you help to  
stop rumours getting about, how's  
that?

87 contd.

87  
contd.

He gives her a little encouraging pat and moves out of shot. CAMERA follows MISS OGIE as, self-importantly she moves towards the Post Office entrance. The SERGEANT obstructs her path momentarily as he works.

MISS OGIE (To Sergeant)  
Do you mind?

She sweeps past him. He raises his eyes to heaven and continues with his work.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE

88

ALAN is talking to a LIEUTENANT as ZELLABY joins them.

ALAN  
Soil samples?

LIEUTENANT  
Yes, sir.

ALAN  
Plant life?

LIEUTENANT  
Even the bark of the trees. But I  
don't think -

ZELLABY breaks in.

ZELLABY  
Don't forget insects, grasses, water,  
metals - The sooner and the more  
elaborate these tests are made -  
the better.

The LIEUTENANT looks questioningly at ALAN.

ALAN  
It's quite all right. This is  
Professor Gordon Zellaby.

The LIEUTENANT's attitude changes: he looks at ZELLABY  
with respect.

88 Contd.

LIEUTENANT

Oh, yes sir, certainly.

ZELLBY nods at him with a smile and takes ALAN by the arm.

ZELLBY

Alan -

They move on, CAMERA TRACKING WITH THEM.

89 ANOTHER ANGLE

89

DP. WILLERS, coming out of a cottage, joins them.

WILLERS

No one seems to have come to any harm, anyway - a few cuts and bruises - lucky no one was in a bath, he might have drowned.

They are passing the door of a cottage as MRS. HARRINGTON and MR. HARRINGTON come out. MRS. HARRINGTON has a bandage on her forehead, she is highly indignant, and MR. HARRINGTON is trying to quiet her down.

MRS. HARRINGTON

Well, I think the least they can do is offer some kind of compensation -

ZELLBY

Hullo, Mrs. Harrington - not badly hurt, I hope?

MRS. HARRINGTON nods towards the military.

88. Cont'd....

LIEUTENANT:

Oh, yessir, certainly.

ZELLABY nods at him with a smile and takes ALAN by the arm.

ZELLABY:

Alan -

They move on, CAMERA TRACKING with them.

ZELLABY: (Quietly)

We shall have to think of some explanation - all kinds of rumours are going to start ....

ALAN:

I asked General Leighton to take care of that....

89. ANOTHER ANGLE

89.

DR. WILLERS, coming out of a cottage, joins them.

WILLERS:

No one seems to have come to any harm, anyway - a few cuts and bruises where they fell - lucky no one seems to have been in their baths, they might have got drowned.

They are passing the door of a cottage as MRS HARRINGTON and MR. HARRINGTON come out. MRS. HARRINGTON has a bandage on her forehead, she is highly indignant, and MR. HARRINGTON is trying to quiet her down.

MRS HARRINGTON:

Well, I think the least they can do is offer some kind of compensation -

ZELLABY:

Hullo, Mrs. Harrington - not badly hurt, I hope?

MRS HARRINGTON nods towards the military.

89. Cont'd

MRS HARRINGTON:

Not for want of their trying - and  
a large burn in my best dress into  
the bargain.....

MR. HARRINGTON tries to pour oil on troubled water  
with a touch of humour.

MR. HARRINGTON:

What the wife means is, well, you  
hardly expect to drop asleep before  
dinner, do you?

QUICK DISSOLVE:



90 INT. STUDIO. GEN. LEIGHTON'S OFFICE. WHITEHALL. DAY.

90

Present are GEN. LEIGHTON ZELLABY and ALAN. ALAN and the GENERAL are in uniform. LEIGHTON sits behind his desk, apparently casual as he toys with a ruler, but absorbing with attention all that is being said. ALAN addresses himself partly to LEIGHTON and partly to ZELLABY, who walks quietly to and fro in the f.g. examining a sheaf of paper.

ALAN

We've established that whatever it was, was static, invisible, odourless - it did not register on Radar, it was non-metallic and showed nothing on our Geiger counters. You've got the reports, Gordon - there are no signs of physical, biological or psychological changes...

ZELLABY, beside the desk, drops the reports into LEIGHTON's tray.

ZELLABY

That means practically nothing. For instance, serious exposure to X-Rays or Gamma Rays need not show any immediate effect but these people must be kept under observation.

LEIGHTON

And yourself.

ZELLABY looks at LEIGHTON and nods.

ZELLABY

And my household.

ALAN

It'd be a bit tricky to put you all into a sanatorium.

LEIGHTON

My instructions are to keep the whole incident from the limelight.

ZELLABY (a touch sardonically)

National Security?

LEIGHTON

If you like -

90 contd.

ZELLABY

90

Well - until we know the cause  
we shan't know what to expect.

LEIGHTON rises.

LEIGHTON

Since you're there Gordon - suppose  
you keep an eye on Midwich for us.  
If you do find anything - let us  
know through Alan. There's no need  
for direct contact between us...

ZELLABY nods and smiles.

ZELLABY

More security - eh - Ever cautious!

LEIGHTON shrugs, smiles.

LEIGHTON

It gets under the skin you know.

ZELLABY moves towards his coat.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

91 EXT.LOC. KYLE MANOR. DAY.

91

All is peaceful once more. From the building comes the strain  
of piano music.

91a INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. DAY.

91a

C.S. ZELLABY'S HANDS playing the piano. Suddenly he stops.  
CAMERA TILTS up to his thoughtful face.

91b C.S. DOG.

91b

Lifting its head from its paws, looking at ZELLABY and wagging  
its tail.

91c RESUME ZELLABY

91c

He rises and crosses to the desk, CAMERA following him. He  
stares down at some calculations he has made, then picks up a  
small plant in a pot and looks at it curiously.

DISSOLVE

92 OMITTED.

92

93. INT. STUDIO. GROCERY STORES. DAY.

ANTHEA is in the middle of buying her groceries from MRS. PLUMPTON, who pushes a large jar of pickled walnuts across the counter.

MRS. PLUMPTON

Anything else today, Mrs. Zellaby?

ANTHEA

No, that's all, thank you.

MRS. PLUMPTON starts to add up the account. As she does so, she says:

MRS. PLUMPTON

I'll have to get in a new supply of pickled walnuts if you go on like this.

ANTHEA (blandly)

Yes, I do seem to go through a lot these days, don't I?

93  
(cont)

MRS. FRUMPTON looks up, puzzled, at ANTHEA's smiling face.

93  
(cont)

MRS. FRUMPTON:  
That'll be seventeen and six - shall I add it to the account?

ANTHEA:  
Would you? Thank you so much.

MRS. FRUMPTON:  
How's the professor?

94.

C.S. ANTHEA.

94.

Turning, as she goes. She is bubbling over with gaiety and happiness.

ANTHEA:  
Oh, he's very well. Very well indeed.

95.

C.S. MRS. FRUMPTON

95.

She looks towards ANTHEA, still puzzled.

ANTHEA: (o.s.)  
Good morning.

MRS. FRUMPTON:  
Good morning.

She holds the look for a moment, then a slightly cunning expression comes over her face. She crosses over into the post office, where MRS. OGLE is sorting stamps. CAMERA MOVES with her.

MRS. FRUMPTON:  
Mrs. Ogle, dear.

MRS. OGLE:  
Yes?

MRS. FRUMPTON: (with relish)  
I think there's going to be news up at Kyle Manor.

MRS. OGLE:  
News? What kind of news?

MRS. FRUMPTON:  
Well!

And leaning towards the Post Mistress she prepares to tell her.

96. INT. STUDIO. GREENHOUSE AT KYLE MANOR. DAY.

C.S. ZELLABY busying himself with a plant which he is tending and observing. A door is heard to open o.s.

97. AT DOOR

97

As ANTHEA enters, still in her outdoor clothes and radiantly happy. She stands for a moment silently contemplating her husband, who is unaware of her entrance.

ANTHEA (softly)

Hello!

She crosses to him, CAMERA GOING WITH HER and bringing him back into shot. Intent on his work, he has not heard her.

ANTHEA

I said - hello.

He suddenly becomes aware of her. He looks over his shoulder and stands up with a quick smile.

ZELLABY

Hello. How long have you been there?

ANTHEA

Ages.

ZELLABY

Liar.

He takes his pipe from his mouth and kisses her, holding his stained hands away from her clothes. Her responsive kiss holds more than its usual warmth.

98. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVOURING ANTHEA.

98

As their heads separate, her eyes glisten and her smile is lovely to look at.

99. REVERSE FAVOURING ZELLABY

99

Reacting slightly - but he finds no great significance in the kiss or the look. He puts an arm round her shoulder and leads her away from CAMERA past the plants.

ZELLABY

I've just discovered a fascinating thing. These are some of the plant samples we took that day - for instance, this one.

100

TWO SHOT

100

Low angle, across a plant prominent in the f.g.

ZELLABY

A perfectly ordinary Pelargonium  
Zonale. And you see what's  
happening? Exactly what you'd  
expect if I'd made an equal  
percentage graft with Nerium  
Oleander. The point is that I  
couldn't. I've just...

He stops in mid-sentence as though remembering something.  
Her shining eyes are still fixed on his face.

ZELLABY

Why did you kiss me like that?

She turns away, spins round laughs happily and comes to  
rest again facing him. He looks pleasantly bewildered.

ZELLABY

What's the secret? There's something  
afout isn't there?

He lays his pipe aside, dusts off his hands with a cloth.

ZELLABY

Why are you looking so happy?

CAMERA TRACKS rapidly past him to a single shot of ANTHEA.  
Her face becomes quite serious. She crosses to him,  
CAMERA PANNING and takes him by the shoulders.

ANTHEA

Now Gordon.

She leads him out of shot.

101

ANOTHER ANGLE.

101

Chair in f.g. ANTHEA leading ZELLABY towards it.

ANTHEA

I want you to sit down - remain  
quite calm - there's nothing to  
be alarmed about.

She makes him sit on the chair arm. We are now shooting  
across his shoulder.

101  
(cont)

ANTHEA:  
We have apparently succeeded in  
crossing a Zellaby Gordonius with  
a Zellaby Anthem. Quite what the  
results will be we shall not know  
for some time...

101  
(cont)

102.

REVERSE FAVOURING ZELLABY

102.

Put this way, ZELLABY is in his own field. He understands.  
He rises slowly and looks at her - there is a pause.  
Suddenly his movements become more urgent.

ZELLABY:  
I think you ought to sit down.

He suddenly switches her about and lowers her to the arm  
of the chair.

ZELLABY:  
Let me get you some tea...

She shakes her head.

ZELLABY:  
A drink - no - that would be wrong.  
Put your feet up.

She shakes her head as he goes for a footstool.

ZELLABY:  
Something to eat.

She nods.

ANTHEA:  
Please.

ZELLABY:  
What?

ANTHEA:  
Some bloater paste, gherkins and  
half a dozen pickled walnuts.  
Recently my favourite diet. Hadn't  
you noticed?

He shakes his head.

ANTHEA:  
Mrs. Frumpton at the shop has.

102  
(cont)

ZELLABY:  
Too absorbed in my work. But  
we'll change all that.

102  
(cont)

He has slowly come back to her. Now he leans forward,  
CAMERA TRACKING IN and kisses her gently on the mouth.  
He draws away, out of shot, leaving her in C.S. as her  
eyes open once more.

103.

C.S. ZELLABY.

103.

He looks at her very gently with great love in his  
eyes.

ZELLABY: (quietly)  
Thank you, darling. You've made my  
happiness complete. All the more so  
because - because I'm old enough to  
appreciate it...

104.

TWO SHOT.

104.

ZELLABY stands up briskly.

ZELLABY:  
Now then - what was it? Bloater  
paste, gherkins and half a dozen  
picked walnuts - ugh!

He goes to the door ~~executing a series of most~~  
~~undignified sidekicks.~~ He is on top of the world.



105.      INT. STUDIO. DR. WILLER'S SURGERY. NIGHT.      105.

MILLY, a youngish girl, sitting twisting her handkerchief, her face a picture of misery and fear, is alone in the room.

The door opens and DR. WILLERS enters. He looks grave, doesn't say anything for a moment, and crosses to his desk.

106.      C.S. MILLY.      106.

She watches him, nervously.

107.      C.S. WILLERS.      107.

He looks up at her slowly and reluctantly.

WILLERS:

I'm afraid there's no doubt about it.

108.      RESUME MILLY.      108.

The blow to her is only too apparent.

109.      TWO SHOT.      109.

DR. WILLERS looks at her sympathetically.

WILLERS:

I wish I knew what I could say to comfort you... To some people this will all seem quite reprehensible. But my only concern is for you, Milly, and your child...

MILLY interrupts him. She speaks violently, almost viciously.

MILLY:

You think I have...you think I could...

WILLERS: (gently)

But, Milly, I told you. There can't be any doubt about it. Now if there is anybody you want me to speak to about this...

CAMERA TRACKS rapidly into a C.U. of MILLY.

109  
contd.

MILLY  
I have never allowed any man to  
touch me ... never ... never...

109  
contd.

She starts to sob.

110

C.U. WILLERS

110

Looking concerned, and at the same time puzzled.

111

INT. STUDIO - PAWLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

111

C.S. CAKE inscribed "Welcome Home Jim" in a homely inexperienced way. Beside it a small group of presents. EDWARD PAWLE's VOICE is heard.

EDWARD  
This is some present Jim. Thanks  
a lot. Where'd you say you got it -  
Tokyo?

CAMERA pulls back and tilts up to show the face of JAMES PAWLE a heavy set, powerful youngish man in the short jacket of a merchant seaman. His face is dull and heavy, his eyes brooding. The ANGLE WIDENS to include EDWARD in the frame, carrying a new camera and case. The background of the set shows streamers and decorations. EDWARD is so intrigued by his gift that he is unaware of the atmosphere. He babbles on.

EDWARD  
It's a real beauty. You can  
take action pictures in this  
light.

He holds the camera to his eye, aims it at:

112

C.S. JANET

112

Seen through camera viewfinder. She comes from the stove towards JAMES carrying a teapot. Her eyes are downcast, her face strained.

EDWARD  
Jan! Look at me ... When I learn  
to use this properly I might go  
into the photo business...

She does not turn her head.

113

C.S. EDWARD

113

EDWARD  
Jan ... Turn this way ... I want  
to see how close....

113 contd.

113

He stops, takes the camera from his eye.

EDWARD

What's the matter with you?

114 TWO SHOT. JANET & JAMES

114

Tentatively she reaches out to touch him.

EDWARD (cont'g)

Jim gets back after being away for  
a whole year - and you look like  
you was goin' to a funeral...

Their reactions are sudden. JIM gets abruptly to his feet -  
grabs his jacket from the back of the chair and stampe out  
of the room.

115 HIGH ANGLE - FULL SHOT.

115

JANET stares after him for a moment then, bursting into  
tears, runs from the table up the stairs. EDWARD stares  
from the door to the stairs. He is completely nonplussed.

DISSOLVE

116 INT. STUDIO. STUDY IN THE VICARAGE. NIGHT.

116

The VICAR, a distinguished looking clergyman, is sitting  
down facing WILLERS and ZELLABY who are standing before him.

WILLERS

An attempted suicide - Janet Pawle  
whose husband only came back from  
sea yesterday...

VICAR

Dreadful...

WILLERS

Three other women in the village  
half out of their minds, Millie  
Hughes, Rose Sheppard, and Mary  
Burnett.

VICAR

Please don't....

WILLERS

That's why we're asking you Vicar...

116 contd.

VICAR  
You must see what you're asking is  
not right, ethically...

116  
contd.

117 C.S. ZELLABY

He speaks violently.

117

ZELLABY  
Oh for heaven's sake, Vicar ... How  
do you think I feel? I married  
late in life. When my wife told me  
that she was going to have a baby,  
it was the happiest moment I have  
ever known. Don't talk to me about  
ethics.

118 FULL SHOT

The VICAR MAKES AN UNHAPPY GESTURE.

118

WILLERS  
Don't you see that this is something  
that concerns all of us - that this  
is the one moment when it is your  
duty to break confidence.

119 C.S. VICAR

There is a pause. Then the VICAR gives in.

119

VICAR  
Very well, four of them have been  
to see me. One of them is only  
seventeen.

120 FULL SHOT

ZELLABY is shocked into silence.

120

WILLERS  
Evelyn Harrington?

VICAR  
Yes. She was terribly frightened -  
and frankly so am I. I know these  
girls, I watched them grow up. When  
they tell me they have no way of -  
accounting for their - condition, I  
am compelled to believe them.

120 contd.

120  
contd.

WILLERS

That means every woman in this  
village capable of childbirth  
is going to have a baby.

VICAR

I can't believe it....

WILLERS

This is not a matter of belief,  
Vicar. It's a matter of fact,  
and there's something else -  
everything seems to date from  
that day two months ago, when this  
village was cut off from the rest  
of the world...

CAMERA TRACKS IN TO C.S. ZELLABY. His face mirrors the  
conflict within him.

SLOW DISSOLVE.

120  
(cont)

ZELLABY:  
Do? There's nothing we can do for  
the moment, is there? Except wait?

120  
(cont)

SLOW DISSOLVE:

121. INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. NIGHT.

121.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT. ANTHEA is sitting, knitting. ZELLABY is sitting opposite her, reading. CAMERA starts to TRACK IN. Neither of them speak. ZELLABY gets up restlessly, CAMERA still tracking in. As he passes ANTHEA and walks out of shot, he puts his hand for a moment on her shoulder and she leans her cheek against it. Then he is gone, and we hold her in C.S., looking over her shoulder at:

122. C.S. ZELLABY.

122.

Shooting at the back of his head as he stands looking out of the window. CAMERA TRACKS past him into the window.

DISSOLVE:

123. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH. DUSK.

123.

A mobile X-Ray trailer is parked near Dr. Willer's cottage. Three people are seen in the dusk moving towards it. Somebody is coming out of the X-Ray trailer, and a nurse stands beside it.

124. CLOSER SHOT. THE PEOPLE.

124.

We now recognize HARRINGTON, his WIFE and their DAUGHTER. Mrs. HARRINGTON holds the girl's hand tightly in hers. Though both women wear coats, it is obvious that they are well advanced in pregnancy.

As they walk towards the trailer, the WOMAN who has just come out of it passes them. It is MISS OGLE. She averts her eyes as she passes.

125. THE TRAILER.

125.

The HARRINGTONS arrive at the trailer and hesitate. HARRINGTON leans forward and pats EVELYN's hand. Another WOMAN emerges from the trailer and hurries away - MILLY.

The NURSE invites EVELYN and MRS. HARRINGTON into the trailer.

126. C.S. HARRINGTON. 126.  
He stares after them, then turns and goes down the lane - a lone and desolate silhouette in the dusk.  
DISSOLVE:
127. INT. STUDIO. DR. WILLER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY. 127.  
Some eight or ten women are sitting stiffly around the waiting room - among them EVELYN and MRS. HARRINGTON, MILLY and MRS. PAWLE.  
CAMERA travels past the closed up, frightened, patient and almost sacrificial faces.  
DISSOLVE:
128. INT. STUDIO. WILLER'S SURGERY. DAY. 128.  
C.S. X-Ray plate being carried across room, lifted and set against a more or less improvised viewing glass. CAMERA TRACKS BACK to see that WILLERS has moved in towards the viewing machine.  
TECHNICIAN:  
That one is ~~Dr.~~ Anthea Zellaby's, doctor.
129. C.S. ZELLABY. 129.  
Watching and waiting.
130. DR. WILLERS AT THE VIEWING GLASS. 130.  
He crushes out his cigarette in an ash tray and reaches his hand for the light switch.
131. CLOSE ON THE X-RAY. 131.  
It reveals a human embryo of seven months. We hold on this for a long beat.
132. SHOOTING UP AT DR. WILLERS. 132.  
As he turns to ZELLABY, who is in the b.g.  
DR. WILLERS:  
It's one of the most perfectly formed embryos I have ever seen.  
ZELLABY:  
It's absolutely normal?  
DR. WILLERS:  
It's more than normal. It's like <sup>months</sup> a seven month embryo - after five ~~weeks~~.  
DISSOLVE TO:

133. INT. ANTHEA'S BEDROOM. KYLE MANOR. NIGHT. 133.

C.S. ANTHEA: she is lying on the bed. Her eyes are open, a vacant look on her face, her head listless on the pillow.

134. ANOTHER ANGLE 134.

Shooting across ANTHEA in the f.g. as ZELLABY enters. He smiles, crosses to her, takes her hand.

ZELLABY: (gently)  
It's all right, darling. I've seen the X-ray. It's a - it's a fine specimen. Perfect, Dr. Willers said. Absolutely normal.

ANTHEA (listless)  
That should make us very happy.

ZELLABY:  
It's going to be all right.

135. C.S. ANTHEA 135.

She suddenly turns her head towards him and speaks more sharply.

ANTHEA:  
Is it? Is that what you believe?

136. C.S. ZELLABY 136.

He looks concerned.

ZELLABY:  
You're tired, my love.

ANTHEA: (sharply, o.s.)  
That's right, I'm tired.

137. RESUME ANTHEA. 137.

She looks at him almost with hostility.

ANTHEA:  
And do you know why? Because night after night I lie awake, sick with anxiety, sick...



138 TWO SHOT

138

ZELLABY breaks in quickly, and with a touch of irritability.

ZELLABY

But now there's nothing to worry  
about - I told you ...

ANTHEA

You don't really believe that, do  
you?

ZELLABY

Willers says...

ANTHEA

I don't care what Willers says. All  
right, it's not a monster. It's a  
perfect specimen. What does that tell  
me?

ZELLABY

You're going to have a baby.

139 C.U. ANTHEA

139

Her voice is rising in hysteria.

ANTHEA

Whose baby? Yours?

140 C.U. ZELLABY

140

This goes home - he almost winces. After a beat she  
continues:

ANTHEA (o.s.)

It doesn't tell me what kind of a  
life is growing inside me. What  
kind of a brain has it? Where does  
it come from, does it tell me that?

141 C.U. ANTHEA.

141

Steep hysteria now.

ANTHEA

Where does it come from?

142 C.U. ZELLABY

He almost shouts at her:

ZELLABY  
Stop it!

143 TWO SHOT

143

They look at each other for a moment, then ZELLABY rises and repeats more calmly:

ZELLABY  
You must stop it. We've got to be rational about it. We may not be better off than any of the others - but there is nothing we can do about it - except wait...

ANTHEA (voice breaking)  
Gordon...

He continues to walk about the room.

ZELLABY  
Maybe it's ours, maybe it isn't...  
If it is, we shall know. If it isn't...

ANTHEA  
Gordon...

She is near tears. He turns to her. She holds out her arms to him. He crosses to her and takes her into his arms, CAMERA TRACKING QUICKLY to a tight TWO SHOT.

ANTHEA  
I'm afraid, Gordon - I'm so afraid...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

144 EXT. MAIN STREET. MIDWICH. LOC. NIGHT.

144

A black stormy night, rain pouring down. A cat slouches along the gutter, otherwise the street is deserted. Suddenly we see the headlights of a car coming towards us. We HOLD the car and PAN with it as it stops outside PAWLE'S house. A MIDWIFE gets out of the car and knocks on the door. We PAN to one of the lighted windows where a MAN is standing looking out.

145. INT. STUDIO. PAWLE'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

145

The man is JAMES PAWLE, standing at the streaming window. He turns away and lurches towards CAMERA and the kitchen table on which there is a bottle of whisky. He is semi-drunk. We hear voices, a door banging and footsteps off. PAWLE shakily pours himself a glass. Over the noise of wind and rain we can now hear distantly some strident, tinny music. We TRACK PAST PAWLE and towards one wall of the kitchen, the music getting louder as we do so.

146. INT. STUDIO. HARRINGTON LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

146

The room is dark. We start CLOSE on the gramophone which is the source of the strident music. We PAN AWAY from it to see HARRINGTON lying flat on the settee in the dark, smoking.

147. C.S. HARRINGTON.

147

Lying, smoking, staring into the dark. Suddenly he heaves himself out of shot.

148 C.S. ASHTRAY

148

HARRINGTON's hand comes into shot, viciously stabbing out the cigarette. CAMERA HOLDS his move as he crosses to the gramophone and swipes it off the table to the floor. The music stops with a slur. He leaves the room.

149 EXT. MAIN STREET. MIDWICH. LOC. NIGHT.

149

HARRINGTON comes out of his cottage, turning up his coat collar against the wind and rain and walks away, towards the lighted windows of the pub. In the distance another MAN is crossing the road towards the pub.

150 INT. STUDIO. STONE AND SCYTHE INN. NIGHT.

C.S. a MAN's face. Grim, set, dark, uncommunicative. CAMERA TRAVELS past his, and another three faces, all equally grim and silent.

151 ACROSS COUNTER.

151

The PUBLICAN is polishing a glass, every now and again glancing at his silent customers. There is no sound except a clock ticking in the pub.

152. COMPREHENSIVE.

152.

Towards the door. A MAN enters and, close behind him, HARRINGTON. They cross to the bar and take their places. Still no one speaks. The PUBLICAN, without being asked, puts the drink before the new men. One of the others shoves his empty glass across the counter and the PUBLICAN moves to fill it.

CAMERA TRACKS IN and JIBS DOWN to HARRINGTON. When he is in C.U. he suddenly looks up and says quietly but heavily:

HARRINGTON:

I ~~pray to God~~ none of 'em sees the dawn.  
hope lives.

153. INT. UPPER HALLWAY OF KYLE MANOR. NIGHT.

153.

In a wide hallway, just outside the door of the master bedroom, Zellaby paces slowly. To one side there is a recessed area leading to a large bay window. A window seat is placed there and on the window seat ALAN sits, watching ZELLABY.

ZELLABY: (stopping in front of ALAN).

A ridiculous way to behave at my age.  
Proper in a young man, I suppose...but...

From inside comes the sudden high cry of a newborn child.

154. INSERT. DOG.

154.

It lifts up its head from its paws.

155. FULL SHOT.

155.

ZELLABY goes toward the bedroom door. ALAN follows at once. They crane forward, the centre of their attention the wooden panel of the bedroom door.

156. CLOSER ANGLE. AT THE DOOR. FAVOURING ZELLABY.

156.

As the door opens, just a crack, revealing a nurse inside.

NURSE:

We're still terribly busy, Mr. Zellaby,  
but doctor said to tell you to stop  
worrying. Mrs. Zellaby's fine.

ZELLABY:

And the baby?

15.  
(cont)

NURSE:

Perfect.

15  
(cont)

She starts to close the door, but ZELLABY pushes back on it lightly.

ZELLABY:

In every respect?

DR. WILLERS steps out, wiping his hands on a towel. His face seems haggard.

DR. WILLERS:

You may go in now, Gordon.

ZELLABY moves toward the doorway, but hesitates, close to the doctor.

ZELLABY:

Nurse says the child is perfect.

DR. WILLERS:

Yes. Unusually large though - ten pounds eight. Strange eyes.

ZELLABY studies him a moment.

ZELLABY:

Strange eyes?

DR. WILLERS nods, his own puzzlement quite evident. ZELLABY slips past him, leaving the door open just a crack.

ALAN:

How many others have been delivered so far tonight?

DR. WILLERS:

Anthea's my third.

ALAN:

The others - what about their weight - and their eyes?

~~The doctor snaps his bag closed.~~

DR. WILLERS:

Weight, all slightly over ten pounds. Eyes...(he looks at Alan carefully) Strange. All of them.

157 INT. ANTHEA'S BEDCHAMBER. CLOSE ON ANTHEA & ZELLABY

157

ZELLABY, at ANTHEA's bedside, clasps her hand. Her eyes fill with tears and despite herself she begins to sob. He bends down, resting his cheek against hers, murmurs to her.

ANTHEA (between sobs)  
All that worrying. And now ...  
Oh, Gordon, have you seen him?  
He's such a beautiful baby.

He kisses her gently and she clasps him tightly. She releases her hold on him, looks at him a long while.

ANTHEA  
Gordon, I do love you so.

He nods, almost gratefully, and at that instant they hear a low, snarling sound. They look over.

158 FROM THEIR ANGLE - NURSERY.

158

The dog has followed ZELLABY into the room. He stares at the cradle, his hair bristling. His teeth bared, a low growl rumbling from his throat.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOURING ZELLABY

159

ANTHEA is puzzled by the dog's action. ZELLABY laughs, calls to him.

ZELLABY  
Bragger - stop it -

He turns to ANTHEA as he rises.

ZELLABY  
He's jealous - that's what it is -

He starts towards the cradle.

160 NURSERY

160

The room is darkened, lit only by the light from the bedroom. Our angle is such that we do not see the baby. ZELLABY enters shot, looks down into the cradle, stands for a moment staring down into it, until his attention is once more taken by the growling of the dog.

160A THE DOG

Seen from ZELLABY's viewpoint over the side of the cradle. It stares up towards camera, it's eyes frightened. It backs away.

ZELLABY's VOICE

Dragger - you silly dog - stop that noise.

The dog stops growling as it hears his voice, looks up at him.

160B ZELLABY

160B

He adopts a stern expression.

ZELLABY

Behave yourself - go and lie down.

160C THE DOG

160C

It wags it's tail, looks up at him, turns obediently away, moving out of shot.

160D ZELLABY

160D

Watches the dog as it moves away. He bends more closely over the cradle, looks down at the child again. Behind him the NURSE leans into shot.

NURSE

Handsome, isn't he?

ZELLABY doesn't seem to hear.

FADE OUT.

161 INT. LIBRARY. KYLE MANOR. DAY. (INSERT)

Through the lens of a microscope an object on a glass slide comes into focus. It appears long and tubular.

ZELLABY'S VOICE

Look at this, doctor - it's a section of hair.

162 FULL SHOT

162

WILLERS bends over the microscope, ZELLABY watching closely.

DR. WILLERS

It's almost flat on one side. On the other an arc - somewhat the shape of a narrow capital D.

He straightens, looks questioningly at ZELLABY.

ZELLABY

That belongs to my son David. Have you ever seen such a hair type before?

WILLERS shakes his head.

ZELLABY

You've noticed the nails?

WILLERS

Yes. Narrower than normal, covering less of the upper surface of the digit, but as flat as ours.

ZELLABY nods.

ZELLABY

What did the blood test show?

WILLERS

Nothing. It's too early. It's still the same as the mother's group.

ZELLABY considers this.

ZELLABY

So they're apparently normal children with these exceptions .... strange eyes-arresting I'd say - an unknown hair group - unusual finger nails....



162 contd.

WILLIERS

162  
ccntd

And a startling physical development. They're only four months old -- but they're the equivalent of eighteen months...

Suddenly a scream rings out from within the house. ZELLBY reacts at once, hurrying out of the room, the doctor directly after him.

163 INT. ALCOVE - NURSERY

163

Near a pot of boiling water on one of those electric two-burners, ANTHEA struggles with the NURSE.

Beyond, on a bassinette, little David lies. Below him on the floor a bottle of milk, its nipple off, has spilled. The milk is still steaming.

164 INSERT - DOG.

164

Growling and barking.

165 C.S. - ANTHEA AND NURSE

165

Their struggle is violent. The nurse seems frightened as she attempts to hold onto both Anthea's hands. But ANTHEA gets one free and plunges it down...

166 C.S. ANTHEA'S HAND

166

As it strikes the boiling water in the pot - plunges in, below the turbulent surface. Anthea's scream rings through the room.

167 THE DOORWAY

167

As ZELLBY and THE DOCTOR run in.

168. THE STRUGGLING WOMEN.

168.

The nurse has succeeded in pulling ANTHEA away from the boiling water.

NURSE: (desperately)  
She won't stop, sir. She won't stop!

ZELLABY rushes forward.

ZELLABY:  
Anthea!

She breaks free, reaching toward the pot again, but ZELLABY intercepts her and slaps her, sharp and hard, across the face.

169. C.S. ANTHEA.

169.

Momentarily shocked. She stares at her husband a moment, then starts to sob. ANGLE WIDENS as he leads her to a chair, helps her onto it.

ANTHEA stares up at him, her lips trembling, her raw burned hand hanging limp.

ANTHEA:  
Oh, Gordon, Gordon...

DOCTOR: (to nurse)  
Get the bag from my car.

The NURSE goes out and the DOCTOR crosses to examine ANTHEA's hand.

She looks over at the baby.

ANTHEA: (dazed)  
I - I gave David his bottle. I suppose I forgot to - to test it - it must have been too hot for him. He... He spat it out and - and...he seemed to glare at me...and...

She looks over at:

170. FROM HER ANGLE - THE POT OF BOILING WATER.

170

On the electric unit.

171 THREE SHOT.

ZELLBY (after a long beat)  
Is that any reason to scald  
yourself?

She closes her eyes, shudders. Troubled, ZELLBY  
looks from his wife to the baby.

172 C.S. BABY

172

It's eyes stare directly back at ZELLBY as though  
knowing what is being said. The eyes become slightly  
irridescant and then return to normal.

DISSOLVE TO:

173 HIGH ANGLE COMPREHENSIVE SHOT.

173

ZELLBY is watching DAVID' his son, now about one year  
old. He is a beautiful, golden-haired, black-eyed infant.  
He is playing with some bricks on the floor. CAMERA STARTS  
TRACKING IN on the absorbed boy.

174 C.S. ZELLBY

174

Leaning forward as he watches.

175 C.S. DAVID'S HANDS

175

Fitting together some letter blocks. He fits in the  
last letter of the word "DAVID".

176 RESUME ZELLBY

176

His expression registers some astonishment at the fact  
that DAVID has succeeded in spelling his name.

177 C.U. DAVID

177

He looks solemnly towards his father.

DISSOLVE

178. INT. KYLE MANOR NURSERY. DAY.  
C.S. ZELLABY'S HAND.

178.

He turns over a Japanese box toy. CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose ZELLABY and ALAN. ZELLABY shows ALAN the toy. In the b.g. DAVID, a little over 12 months, sits in his playpen.

ZELLABY:  
It's a trick box. One of the products of Oriental ingenuity. You see...no visible means of opening. But... (he presses it just so, then turns it, then pauses, ready to press it once more) ...if you do what I have just shown you, then this...(he presses it and it pops open) ...it comes open. Now...

ALAN watches with interest.

ZELLABY: (closing the box)  
See if you can open it. Remembering what I've just shown you.

He hands the box to ALAN.

179. ANOTHER ANGLE FAVOURING ALAN.

179.

He presses one spot, tries to turn the box, but turns it incorrectly. Now he tries another approach. This doesn't work. Then he does something else to it, and finally presses again, and it pops open.

ZELLABY:  
Ah! Very good. You see, I was quite right about marrying your sister. Your family has brains.

But ALAN doesn't respond to ZELLABY's forced levity. There's something in ZELLABY's face which seems to grip ALAN with a sense of urgency and of sobriety.

ZELLABY:  
Now, come with me, Alan.

He turns and with ALAN moves toward the playpen.

180. MOVING SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE (AS THOUGH  
CAMERA IS ZELLABY AND ALAN)

180.

DOLLY IN until we are CLOSE on the baby. He looks up at the two men.

181 ANOTHER ANGLE. MED. SHOT. THE MEN AND THE BABY. 181

ZELLABY bends over and gives the box to the baby. DAVID takes it, finds that it rattles. He shakes it vigorously. Now ZELLABY produces a piece of hard candy and trades it for the return of the box, still unopened. The child tastes the candy, likes it.

ZELLABY bends again, close to the infant, opens the box slowly, precisely, step by step, showing the child how to do it. As it pops open, the second piece of candy appears and ZELLABY holds it up for the child.

DAVID reaches for the candy, but ZELLABY drops it back into the box, closing the box swiftly and rattling it. DAVID reaches for the box. ZELLABY lets him take it.

ZELLABY looks significantly at ALAN.

182 C.S. ON BABY 182

He opens the box, takes out the barley sugar and eats it.

183 C.S. ON ALAN 183

and his reaction.

184 ANGLE FAVOURING ZELLABY 184

but HOLDING ALAN and the infant in SHOT. ZELLABY takes the empty box from DAVID. ANTHEA enters and lifts DAVID from the pen.

ANTHEA:

Come along - time for your bottle.

She smiles at the two men and carries DAVID out of the room. ALAN simply stares at ZELLABY, completely nonplussed.

ALAN

This is fantastic.

ZELLABY

You think so? All right - the next step.

185 INT. HARRINGTON COTTAGE. C.S. ON EVELYN HARRINGTON. 185  
DAY.

EVELYN (troubled)  
I don't know, sir. I don't 'low  
her to have candy.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK revealing the girl, with ZELLYBY  
and ALAN. At their feet an infant who bears a striking  
resemblance to little DAVID.

ZELLYBY  
My dear, believe me, it's quite  
harmless. I just gave some to  
David.

He smiles at her reassuringly, then kneels beside the  
infant, reaches into his pocket and takes out the  
Japanese puzzle box. Behind him in the doorway from the  
lane outside, MRS. HARRINGTON appears with her child on  
her arm and a boy about seven, KEITH.

186 CLOSER ANGLE. ZELLYBY AND THE BABY. 186

He hands the box to the little girl. With immediate  
assurance she reaches for it, opens it instantly, takes  
out the candy, pops it into her mouth. ZELLYBY throws a  
look at ALAN.

187 C.S. ON ALAN 187

Dumbfounded by what he's witnessed.

ALAN  
But you didn't even show her how  
to do it.

188 RESUME ZELLYBY 188

He takes the box from the child in the pen, holds it up,  
inserts another piece of candy in the box, snaps it closed  
again and walks out of shot.

ZELLYBY  
That's exactly my point. I didn't  
have to - because if you demonstrate  
something to one of them, they all  
know it. Watch.

189 MRS. HARRINGTON 189

ZELLYBY enters SHOT smiles at her reassuringly and hands  
the box to the infant in her arms. Unexpectedly, KEITH  
darts in, snatches it from the baby.

KEITH  
I want that!

MRS. HARRINGTON (frantically)  
Keith, give it back to him this instant!

190. ANOTHER ANGLE FAVOURING KEITH & MRS. HARRINGTON'S 190.  
BABY.

KEITH fumbles with the box, attempting to calculate it's secret. The infant turns it's black eyes upon the boy who becomes aware of this and looks up.

191. EXTREME C.S. MRS. HARRINGTON'S BABY. 191.

His eyes seem to start to glow as though there is another life deep within them.

192. EXTREME C.S. KEITH. 192.

He breaks into a sweat, his whole face grey and pocked with a constant overwhelming moisture. As if to escape he turns away from Mrs. Harrington's baby, only to find himself looking at:

193. EXTREME C.S. EVELYN'S BABY 193.

Like the other infant her eyes seem wide and glowing as though glaring at KEITH.

194. CLOSE TWO SHOT. ALAN & ZELLABY, watching. 194.

195. ON KEITH. 195.

As if hypnotised, KEITH slowly lifts the box and starts walking forward. CAMERA TRACKS with him, bringing MRS. HARRINGTON'S BABY into the shot as KEITH hands the box to the INFANT.

196. REVERSE ANGLE. 196.

THE BABY opens the box, takes out the candy and pops it into his mouth.

196A RESUME ALAN & ZELLABY

DISSOLVE TO:

*Reacting*

197. INT. BREAKFAST ROOM. KYLE MANOR. DAY. 197.

ZELLABY, formally dressed, is alone in the room. On the table are the remains of breakfast. He crosses slowly to the window and stands looking out. There is a curious, weighted stillness about him.

ALAN enters in uniform, carrying his greatcoat, cap and a large military briefcase. As he speaks, he starts putting on his coat.

196b EXT. MIDWICH VILLAGE. DAY.

196b

It is three years later. DAVID NANCY and two more of the children walk down the middle of the small street leading past the Three Horse Shoes towards the Post Office Stores.

The CHILDREN walk into close shot with DAVID in the lead. Their appearance is that of children of at least nine or ten. They walk with a solemn, unhurried gait, unsmiling and other-worldly.

The camera tracks with them in close shot. First, DAVID but then immediately afterwards, the others, re-act to something off scene. Their progress is perceptibly slowed as the three behind DAVID close together, staring past camera as they continue.

196c EXT. THE VILLAGE GREEN. DAY.

196c

Their view-point. Camera tracking towards a group of five VILLAGE BOYS playing with a ball while ALBERT on a cycle, circles about them. ALBERT pulls to a stop as he catches sight of DAVID and the other three. Seeing him pull up, TED BREWER, a larger boy motions to the others. They all turn to stare.

196d BEHIND THE VILLAGE BOYS

196d

With TED and his GROUP in the foreground, we see DAVID Lead the children past without a look in the direction of the larger boys.

196e C.S. TED.

196e

He throws his arm back and takes aim with the ball.

196f DAVID AND HIS GROUP

196f

From the background, TED throws the ball. It strikes NANCY on the back of the head. She stops.

196g EXT. BREWER'S HOUSE

196g

MRS. BREWER, TED's mother, comes out, brushing the steps. She pauses as she sees the two groups of children. An anxious frown passes over her face.

196h THE CHILDREN

196h

They turn to face TED's group. NANCY's eyes are angry.

196i TED'S GROUP

196i

They stare back, but they are nervous. Confronted by these cold eyes, TED's courage deserts him.

196j THE CHILDREN

196j

They hold an unrelenting stare. DAVID puts up his hand.



196j  
contd.

DAVID  
No, Nancy. Leave them alone...

196j  
contd.

He turns away and the others turn with him.

196k

EXT. BREWER'S HOUSE. DAY.

196k

As MRS. BREWER sees DAVID pass on his way towards the shop,  
her re-action is immediate.

MRS. BREWER

Ted Brewer. Come inside - at once,  
d'you hear. I've told you before  
about those children...

196l

THE VILLAGE CHILDREN

196l

TED turns to look at his mother. After a pause, one,  
more courageous than the others, dashes to collect his  
ball while the rest, as if released from a spell, take  
to their heels. TED his head hanging, moves quickly to  
do as he was bid.

CONTINUE SCENE 197 PAGE 58.

Please delete "Continue Scene 197 - Page 58" at foot of page 58b.

196m

INT. POST OFFICE STORES. DAY.

196m

MISS OGLE stands behind the grille of her Post Office while MRS. PLUMPTON, a somewhat apprehensive elderly lady works behind her counter taking small jars of candies from a shelf and stacking them into a carton on the counter. The CHILDREN wait politely in the middle of the shop.

MISS OGLE (worried)  
Where's my Phillip? You're all  
always together.

DAVID  
It's his turn to study. He's at  
your home.

MISS OGLE (sharply)  
It's his home too.

196n

FAVOURING MRS. PLUMPTON

196n

She glances from MISS OGLE to the CHILDREN with a scrt of fascinated dislike.

NANCY (astatement)  
You are anxious for us to leave.

MRS. PLUMPTON puts the last two jars into the carton. She is already flustered, but NANCY's reading of her thoughts makes her even more nervous. She tries to avoid looking at the CHILDREN.

MRS. PLUMPTON  
You - you have the same every week.  
Twelve jars - fifteen shillings.

DAVID hands her a pound note. One of the boys takes the full carton from the counter. MRS. PLUMPTON drops the change into DAVID's hand, taking care not to touch him with her fingers. DAVID looks at her.

196o

C.S. DAVID.

196o

DAVID  
You wish we would not come here  
any more, Mrs. Plumpton.

196p

C.S. MRS. PLUMPTON

196p

She is astonished.

MRS. PLUMPTON

I never said...

She breaks off, her eyes fixed on DAVID.

196q

THE GROUP

196q

The other CHILDREN have grouped together. The boys carry the carton of jars. They move towards the door. DAVID remains.

DAVID

It's what you're thinking. You have nothing to fear from us. However - someone else will come for our candy.

He moves away from the counter, nods politely to MISS OGLE.

DAVID

Good afternoon, Miss Ogle.

He turns to MRS. PLUMPTON

DAVID

Goodbye, Mrs. Plumpton.

The CHILDREN troop out, watched by the two women. As the door closes, MRS. PLUMPTON heaves a sigh of relief.

DISSOLVE

CONTINUE WITH SCENE 197 PAGE 58.

Please delete beginning of SCENE 197 at foot of page 58.

197 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - KYLE MANOR. DAY.

197

ZELLABY, formally dressed, is alone in the room. On the table are the remains of a meal. Cup in hand, he crosses to the window and looks out. There is a moody stillness about him. ALAN enters, in uniform, carrying his coat and cap. As he speaks, he starts to put on his coat.

ALAN  
Ready - Gordon?

ZELLABY does not reply, he merely nods. It is clear that the two men are not at ease with each other - their customary intimacy has gone.

ZELLABY returns to the table, sets down his cup, enquires politely, formally.

ZELLABY  
Cup of coffee before we go?

ALAN shakes his head.

ALAN  
No thanks.

ZELLABY turns from him, drains his cup, moves to the door. ALAN watches him go, his eyes are troubled.

ALAN  
Gordon.

ZELLABY stops, looks back at him.

ALAN  
Don't you think Anthea should know about this conference - What's going to be discussed...?

ZELLABY'S voice is sharp.

ZELLABY  
There's no reason to alarm her even if you're alarmed.

ZELLABY exits followed by ALAN.

198

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - KYLE MANOR. DAY.

198

ZELLABY comes from the breakfast room. ALAN follows him. ZELLABY crosses to a cloak cupboard, takes out a coat and his largish briefcase.

ALAN (stung)

I haven't your cold, scientific detachment. People - especially children - aren't measured by their I.Q. What's important is whether they're good or bad. And these children are bad - to everyone but you.

ZELLABY

But they are children, Alan. Children are not born with a sense of moral values - they have to be taught. With their intellect it should be simple....

ALAN

Intellect - intellect - that's all you care about. What if you fail? What if you can't put the - the brake of morals on them?

ZELLABY (quietly)

First we must try.

ALAN

You're blinded by this vision of intellect. You see David as another Einstein...

ZELLABY (quietly)

Potentially - greater.

ALAN

Now I get it - You see him solving the riddle of the universe - your son - David.

ZELLABY (coldly)

Anthea's son. I have no proof that he is my son.

ZELLABY goes out. After a pause ALAN follows him.

PLEASE DELETE END OF ORIGINAL SCENE 198 AT TOP OF PAGE 61.

198  
contd.

61  
(rev. 16.11.59)  
198  
contd.

ALAN  
Meanwhile you see David as  
another Einstein, only greater...

ZELLABY  
Certainly greater potentially...

ALAN  
... solving the riddle of the  
universe. Your son. David.

This hits home. ZELLABY turns to ALAN and his expression  
becomes stony.

ZELLABY  
I have no proof that he is my son!

He turns on his heels and goes out of the front door.

199      INT. LANDING. KYLE MANOR. DAY.      199

Shooting up, across the stairhead. ANTHERA, a worried  
expression on her face, has been listening. She turns  
away and opens a door into:

200      INT. DAVID'S ROOM - KYLE MANOR. DAY.      200

ANTHERA enters and looks at DAVID, who stands before a mirror  
putting on his tie. ANTHERA's expression mirrors her  
confused, emotional reaction to the child - the natural  
feeling of motherhood warring with her conscious fear of  
his strangeness. DAVID puts on his jacket. ANTHERA crosses  
towards him. He does not turn as he speaks.

DAVID  
Where has father gone?

ANTHERA  
To London. You must hurry, David.

She takes up a comb, begins to run it through his hair. He  
reaches for the comb, takes it from her, combs his hair  
himself. The gesture is so casual as not to look deliberate  
but ANTHERA sees it as another source of his complete self-  
sufficiency. She looks down at him.

DAVID  
Why has he gone to London?

ANTHERA  
He has some business there.

DAVID  
What sort of business?

200  
contd.

She takes his school books, lays them on a strap and 200  
folds the strap over. He comes to her side, takes over.contd.  
He adds a few books to the pile. She watches him.

ANTHEA

A conference. Don't you like me to  
help you, David?

He does not look up as he replies. He is pulling the strap  
tight round the books.

DAVID

Thank you, but I'm old enough to do  
things for myself. Father agrees with  
that.

His hand slips as he is sliding the tooth of the buckle into  
a hole in the strap. His finger is caught and pierced. ANTHEA  
gives a startled exclamation.

ANTHEA

Darling - Your finger...

DAVID turns his back to her so that she cannot help. With a  
fierce tug, he pulls the strap, frees his finger. His face is  
quite impassive as he looks at the blood. He takes a hand-  
kerchief from his pocket.

ANTHEA

It's bleeding. My poor darling.

She reaches out to take the handkerchief. He looks at her.

DAVID

It doesn't hurt. Please don't fuss.

ANTHEA

You must let me bind it -

With a small sigh he submits. She winds the handkerchief  
round the finger, knots the end.

ANTHEA

There.

She longs to take him in her arms, but instead, she contents  
herself with giving him a kiss on the cheek. Without emotion,  
he again submits. As she straightens up she smooths his hair  
with her hand. He waits impatiently allowing her a moment of  
maternal affection, until she sees that she is embarrassing him,  
and then takes her hands from his head. He reaches for his books.

DAVID

You said I must hurry. Goodbye mother.

ANTHEA

Goodbye, David.

He goes out. She stands looking after him, unable to understand  
this cold self-sufficiency and saddened by it. She sighs.

DISSOLVE

201 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HOME OFFICE - DAY.

201

The CAMERA holds a CLOSE SHOT of ZELLABY, who sits, his knuckles at his mouth, his eyes on the clean blotter in front of him in an abstract stare. CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose that he sits, one of a group of 8 men, at a long conference table. The other men are mostly elderly, dignified men of professional type dressed in dark clothes.

ALAN, in uniform, sits beside an empty chair; at the head of the table is EDGAR HARGRAVES the Home Secretary, an energetic looking man of 54. The CAMERA TRACKS AND PANS to include GENERAL LEIGHTON, also in uniform, who takes a pointer from beside a large map of the world hung from a wall. He moves across the map to a central position, then turns to face the table.

LEIGHTON

Gentlemen. As the Home Secretary (he looks towards HARGRAVES) has permitted this disclosure - I can now inform you that Midwich is not the only colony of such children...

There is a stir from the group at the table. HARGRAVES looks round the faces. ZELLABY looks up at LEIGHTON. ALAN glances over at ZELLABY. LEIGHTON goes on, moving across the map.

LEIGHTON (pointing)

Here - in a township in Northern Australia - thirty infants were born in one day - but something apparently went wrong - all the children died within ten hours of birth. (He moves the pointer) In an eskimo community there were ten births. The community did not take kindly to this. Golden haired babies born of black haired mothers violated the taboos. None survived.

202 THE CONFERENCE TABLE

202

The group listening.

LEIGHTON'S VOICE

In the Communist world there were two Timeouts similar to that at Midwich - one at Irkutsk - here - near the borders of outer Mongolia. A grim affair. The husbands killed the children - and their mothers.



203 COMPREHENSIVE SHOT

203

LEIGHTON moves his pointer again.

LEIGHTON

The second in the mountains of the North West. The children survived. Our reports, though limited, indicate that they are receiving education on the highest level.

He returns to his seat.

LEIGHTON

All these time-outs happened on the same day as the one at Midwich.

ZELLABY stares at him.

HARGRAVES

This is now 3 years ago - Have we established anything about the origins of these children.

LEIGHTON

There's not much to go on...

HARGRAVES

Zellaby, you must have some theory.

LEIGHTON

May I suggest that Zellaby may be somewhat too intimately involved...

ZELLABY

My position as a - a dubious father is influencing my scientific detachment - Is that what you think?

LEIGHTON

I've reason to believe so...

ZELLABY glances towards ALAN.

ZELLABY

Well, let's hear what the others have to say.

HARGRAVES

Dr. Carlisle.

DR. CARLISLE

I went into the question of mutations - or sports. Once in a great many thousand years - an abrupt jump may take place in plant or in animal life. A new variation suddenly occurs for no apparent reason.

HARGRAVES

Would this explain why entire groups of people were cut off for periods of several hours?

DR. CARLISLE

No Sir. It would not.

HARGRAVES

Very well. Any other line of thought.

PROF. SMITH

Yes, the possibility of transmission of energy. May I put it this way - already we can direct radar beams out into space with extreme accuracy - Electrical impulses have been bounced off the moon. We are continually receiving impulses from other planets and stars. And impulses are energy and matter.

HARGRAVES (briskly)

We're aware of that, Professor Smith, but where does it take us....?

ZELLABY

The Professor and I seem to think alike. What we can do - others - elsewhere in the universe - may be able to do better.

PROF. SMITH

Exactly.

HARGRAVES (slowly)

Let me get this straight. You imply that these children may be the result of impulses directed towards us from somewhere in the universe?

203 contd.

ZELLABY

We are still in the realms of theory, though there is nothing to disprove it, or the theory of mutation. These children could be the World's New People, but we need more time to investigate...

203  
contd.

HARGRAVES holds up his hand.

HARGRAVES

Just a moment, Zellaby. General Leighton, you've told me of some developments at Midwich - What are they,....?

LEIGHTON

A series of casualties, mostly among the village children, in each case after some contact with the - er - others...

ZELLABY

Children get into fights the world over.

LEIGHTON

These were not fights in the normal sense. No direct physical violence was involved, but, two weeks ago a boy, a good swimmer was drowned in Midwich pond - for no logical reason.

ZELLABY

Children also have accidents...

LEIGHTON

Gordon. You've seen it for yourself - the - extraordinary power these children have. The sinister way they use it - you can't...

ZELLABY

Extraordinary power, certainly. And that's precisely why we require time...

LEIGHTON

In our view it's only a matter of time before they'll be out of hand entirely - with fatal consequences.

HARGRAVES

So what do you recommend?

203 contd.

LEIGHTON  
That they be shut away.

203  
contd.

HARGRAVES  
You mean imprison them.

LEIGHTON  
Bluntly - yes...

ZELLABY  
If you imprison them - you'd deprive  
the scientific world of one of the  
greatest opportunities it has ever  
had.

HARGRAVES  
Opportunity for what?

ZELLABY (appealing)  
For study. Gentlemen, we have heard  
a great deal here about the "power"  
of these children - but nothing about  
the nature of this power. What we  
are dealing with is an entirely new  
development - a mass mind - like a  
colony of bees or ants. They all  
want to dress alike and what one  
learns they all learn. I've  
demonstrated this to Alan Bernard.

HARGRAVES looks quickly to ALAN who nods agreement.

ZELLABY (cont'g)  
They are one mind to the 12th power.  
Think what it would mean if we could  
guide it. We could leap forward in  
science a hundred years.

ALAN hears the echo of their previous conversation. He  
looks down.

LEIGHTON (strongly)  
At the risk of being destroyed.

ZELLABY  
What cannot be understood must be  
put away - is that your view? The  
age-old fear of the unknown?

HARGRAVES  
On the other hand, Zellaby, Leighton  
has a point. There is obviously a  
potential danger here.

203 contd.

203  
contd.

ZELLABY looks about at the others.

ANOTHER ANGLE FROM ZELLABY'S POV as the other men nod in agreement.

CLOSE UP ZELLABY.

ZELLABY (fervently)

We're gathered here as advisers, as scientists and government experts. Now take a look at our world. Have we made such a good job of it. Who's to say that these children may not be the answer.

HARGRAVES

The answer to what?

ZELLABY

To disease, human want and misery and all the problems we have been unable to cope with.

LEIGHTON

If they don't make the end of us in the meantime.

ZELLABY

We cannot throw away this potential just because of a few incidents.

ANOTHER ANGLE - HARGRAVES AND OTHERS.

It is apparent that Zellaby's speech has swayed them.

HARGRAVES

What is your suggestion?

ZELLABY

I'll compromise with Leighton. Let them live together under one roof - in our village where they can be kept under observation.

LEIGHTON

My department would not accept the responsibility.

ZELLABY

I'll make myself personally responsible for them. Give me a year.

203 contd.

203  
contd.

LEIGHTON  
Mr. Home Secretary - I cannot  
agree to this...

ZELLABY  
All I ask for is one year - Just  
give me one year.

ZELLABY waits. He is almost emotionally drained.  
Everyone looks at HARGRAVES while he considers the  
request.

HARGRAVES  
Very well. I will officially  
recommend your compromise. Thank  
you gentlemen.

ZELLABY almost sags with relief. ALAN looks quizzical.  
LEIGHTON shakes his head.

FADE OUT.

206 INT. VICARAGE CLASSROOM - DAY.

206

CAMERA starts on a blackboard on which has been drawn a simplified diagram illustrating the principles of atomic structure. WE PULL BACK to hold ZELLABY in CLOSE SHOT.

ZELLABY

That's as far as we shall go tonight. Our next lecture will deal with the theory of atomic fission. Now - er ...

He places a piece of chalk on the blackboard ledge, dusts off his fingers, moves forward to the side of a desk on which his attachè case type of briefcase is prominently seen. Reflectively he studies their serious faces for a moment. He is considering how best to phrase a question.

206A GROUP SHOT

206A

The CHILDREN, with DAVID and NANCY in the foreground. They gaze solemnly back, respectful and patient. There is a moment of complete silence broken only by the ticking of the clock on the wall. At last DAVID's face breaks into a near smile. (If possible - obtain a similar slight reaction from the entire group)

206B ZELLABY

206B

His eyes fix on David.

ZELLABY

Why do you smile, David?

206C DAVID

Gently smiling.

DAVID

You don't know how to put your question.

206D ZELLABY

206D

Not put off by this degree of telepathy, abandons subterfuge and goes directly to the point. He looks at DAVID, then begins to smile.

206D  
contd.

ZELLABY  
There isn't much point in my  
trying to be subtle is there?  
The question I was going....

206D  
contd.

He takes a pace or two amongst the children. ZELLABY  
breaks off, stops and looks down at DAVID.

ZELLABY  
Just how deeply do you see into  
my mind by the way?

206E DAVID AND THE GROUP

206E

His face still bears a slight smile.

DAVID  
Everything that's in the front of  
your mind...

ZELLABY (matter of fact)  
And the thought processes -  
reasoning and so on - that lead  
to my spoken words?

DAVID  
We still have to master that...  
It will come.

206F ZELLABY

206F

ZELLABY  
That's very frank. Thank you  
David. At least I still have some  
privacy.

He resumes his pacing of the room.

ZELLABY  
That question I was about to put.  
Are you aware of life on another  
planet.

206G DAVID AND THE GROUP

206G

Their faces change from smiling to impassive and NANCY  
glances at DAVID. He does not reply but continues to  
look at ZELLABY.



206H ZELLABY

206H

ZELLABY  
Let me put it another way. It  
is possible that life exists  
elsewhere, isn't it?

He looks expectantly over their faces.

206I DAVID AND THE GROUP

206I

They are quite impassive. DAVID begins to show a  
degree of impatience.

206J ZELLABY

206J

The CHILDREN show no sign of response.

ZELLABY  
Mm. Not getting very far are  
we! Well...

He shrugs, looks ruefully at them.

ZELLABY (suddenly)  
Tell me why you are nervous when  
aircraft are flying over you?

206K DAVID AND THE GROUP.

206K

DAVID gives a half smile. NANCY looks at him.

DAVID  
You're very observant, father...

ZELLABY  
That doesn't answer my question.

DAVID (seriously)  
Until recently we have not been  
able to make our control reach so  
far as a high aircraft.

206L ZELLABY

206L

Reacts thoughtfully to this new piece of menacing  
information.

ZELLABY (quietly)  
And now you can - is that it?

DAVID nods.

206L  
contd.

ZELLABY (again: suddenly)  
What're you going to do with  
this power?

206L  
contd.

207 DAVID AND THE GROUP

207

DAVID looks steadily at him.

DAVID

We know what you're trying to  
find out, father. It would be  
better if you didn't ask these  
questions. We want to learn from  
you.

ZELLABY is nonplussed by the rebuke. He starts to speak,  
changes his mind. He glances round the solemn faces.  
Their staring, impassive eyes contain a mild threat.  
ZELLABY hunches his shoulders, throws off the impression.

ZELLABY (casually)

That's enough for tonight. It's  
getting late.

He walks back to his desk, collects some papers, stows  
them into his briefcase. The children rise and start to  
go out. Only their quietness seems abnormal.

208 CLOSE SHOT ZELLABY

208

He looks across to where David is leaving the room.  
He calls.

ZELLABY

David!

209 REVERSE ANGLE: CHILDREN ARE TROOPING OUT. 209

One of the boys, DAVID, Zellaby's son, stops and looks back.

ZELLABY

Yes.

210 RESUME ZELLABY: 210

He looks at DAVID, gathers up some papers and smiles. He crosses to join DAVID and puts his hand on his shoulder.

ZELLABY

I'll walk over with you.

There is no expression on David's face as he allows himself to be ushered out.

211 INTERIOR DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY. 211

CLOSE ON ANTHEA.

She is packing David's clothes in a small wicker hamper. She is obviously distressed. ZELLABY O.S.

ZELLABY

What I meant was, there is no need for you to go David, if you don't want to.

DAVID (o.s.)

I would rather go.

212 ANOTHER ANGLE. 212

ZELLABY is sitting slightly ill at ease. DAVID carries something across to his mother which she puts into the suitcase.

ZELLABY

You mean because the others are moving into the Vicarage you feel you must go with them. Is that the logic.

DAVID is quite neutral and detached and neither his voice nor his face show any trace of feeling.

DAVID

Yes.

212 contd.

212  
contd.

ZELLABY

Your mother is quite distressed  
about this you know.

ANTHEA makes a slightly edgy gesture and tries a half  
smile.

ANTHEA

I really don't know why I should  
be - a lot of parents send their  
children off to schools. At least  
you won't be more than half a mile  
away.

ZELLABY

I don't suppose there is anything  
which will make you change your  
mind.

DAVID

No.

ANTHEA closes the suitcase.

ANTHEA

I think that's everything.

DAVID

Thank you.

He makes to pick up the hamper. Suddenly ANTHEA drops  
on her knees and puts her arms round the child. The  
boy allows her to do this quite impassively: He suffers  
her embrace though not openly. It is rather in his lack  
of feeling, his unrelenting apartness that the coldness  
is apparent. ANTHEA gets to her feet. Her manner much  
firmer.

DISSOLVE

213 EXT. LOC. LANE NEAR MIDWICH - DUSK

213

ANTHEA and DAVID are walking along the shoulder of the  
road into Midwich. As they approach a turn in the lane,  
Anthea hears the SOUND of a MOTOR behind them. She and  
David glance back.

214 FROM THEIR ANGLE - A SMALL ROADSTER

214

coming on at a slow speed from behind them.

215 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANTHERA; DAVID AND THE CAR

215

as it draws abreast. A young man of about nineteen smiles out. This is EDWARD PAWLE. He touches his cap as he passes.

EDWARD (from the car)  
Evening, Mrs. Zellaby...David.

ANTHERA (calling after him)  
Evening, Edward.

Edward's roadster disappears around the corner just as Anthea and David also start around it.

216 AROUND THE CORNER - EDWARD'S CAR.

216

as it picks up speed.

217 INT. EDWARD'S CAR - SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

217

and into the dusk. Suddenly the figures of three Children can be seen directly ahead. One of them wanders in front of the car.

218 CLOSE ON EDWARD'S FACE

218

as he discovers the Child in his path.

219 AT THE CORNER - ANTHERA AND DAVID

219

She lets out a little cry, but David has suddenly sprung forward like a bolt of lightning to join the other Children.

220 THE CAR

220

stopped just inches from one of the Children - a girl.

221 CLOSE ON ANTHERA

221

and her reaction of relief.

222 FAVOURING THE CAR

222

Edward Pawle opens the door, gets out, goes around the front toward the Child he has almost struck. He reaches for the girl, but she backs away from him.

EDWARD  
I'm ... I'm terribly sorry...  
You're all right, aren't you?

223      DAVID AND THE OTHER TWO CHILDREN      223  
raise their eyes toward Edward. Their faces have no expression, but the eyes seem to glow, the lambency seems to dance.

224      EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - EDWARD      224  
stopping, as though frozen. All at once his face turns grey and breaks into a heavy, beaded sweat.

225      EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - DAVID      225  
His eyes dance with an inner fire.

226      EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - EDWARD      226  
face bathed in sweat. He turns out of FRAME our ANGLE WIDENING. He hurries back to his car, gets in. His engine roars.

227      CLOSE ON ANTHEA      227  
and her reaction to what she's witnessing.

228      INT. EDWARD'S CAR      228  
but our ANGLE such we can see PAST him and through the windshield. We see a wall ahead.

229      REVERSE SHOT - TOWARD THE CAR      229  
as it hurtles forward, engine racing, faster - faster.

230      INT. EDWARD'S CAR - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD      230  
as the wall rushes toward CAMERA. There is a blinding crash, then FLAMES shoot up, engulfing the SCREEN.

231      CLOSE ON ANTHEA      231  
and her horrified expression.

232      CLOSE ON DAVID.      232  
He turns to ANTHEA, notes her reaction. His eyes hold on her with a long stare.

233      CLOSE ON ANTHEA.      233  
She becomes conscious of David's look. Her expression changes, her face relaxes, her eyes go dull.

DISSOLVE

234

EXT. THE VILLAGE HALL IN MIDWICH - CLOSE ON  
ANTHEA - DAY.

234

CORONER

Mrs. Zellaby, I wish you would be  
more specific in your testimony.  
I know these things are difficult...

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK to reveal a small inquest in  
session. ALAN sits with ZELLABY in a front row.  
Several of the villagers we have seen previously are  
present.

Off to one side sit the three Children (one of them  
David) involved in the accident.

235

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOURING THE PRESIDING MAGISTRATE

235

CORONER

... but it is our obligation to  
determine the responsibility for  
this man's death.

236

THE VILLAGERS - FAVOURING JAMES PAWLE

236

He glares across at the Children. His wife, Janet,  
drops a restraining hand on his tensed arm.

237

FAVOURING ANTHEA.

237

She is almost unwilling to testify.

~~ANTHEA (deeply troubled)~~  
~~I - I came round the corner. It was dusk. I - I suppose it might have been difficult for Edward to see the Children.~~ *I - find it very difficult to remember. I...*

The Magistrate consults a record in front of him.

CORONER

You told Constable Gobby you  
heard the screech of his brakes.

238

FAVOURING ZELLABY

238

as he listens and reacts.

~~ANTHEA'S VOICE (o.s.)~~  
~~He stopped. I watched him get out of the car... He must have known she was unharmed...~~ *Yes, that's right. He... he got out of the car...*  
(she can't seem to continue)

238  
contd.

CORONER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
(patiently)  
Then what did he do, Mrs.  
Zellaby?

238  
contd.

239 JAMES PAWLE

239

His face grim as he listens.

ANTHEA'S VOICE (o.s.)  
He - he got - back into the car  
and - ~~and suddenly he seemed to -~~  
drove straight for the wall.

240 FAVOURING THE CORONER

240

CORONER  
Thank you, Mrs. Zellaby. ~~You may~~  
~~stand down. I don't think we need go any further.~~  
(as she rises)  
It is quite apparent what happened  
here...  
(Zellaby comes forward to  
assist Anthea)  
Edward Pawle, the deceased, his  
vision obscured...

241 ANTHEA, ZELLABY AND THE CHILDREN

241

as they return to their seats, Anthea and Zellaby  
pass the Children. Anthea looks down at David a  
moment, fright and disbelief in her glance. Then  
she turns away and goes with Zellaby.

242 FULL SHOT

242

CORONER  
... came close to striking and  
injuring a child. Then, obviously  
in nervous shock, he struck a wall...  
The balance of the deceased's mind  
was temporarily disturbed... Let it  
so stand on the record ... The case  
is closed.

He rises, starts to leave the improvised bench.



243 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOURING JAMES PAWLE

243

He leaps to his feet. He extends an outraged finger at the three Children.

JAMES

Mrs. Zellaby, you know they  
killed him!

Crimm and Harrington pull James back, but he struggles to free himself.

244 THE CHILDREN

244

sit there, unmoved, disinterested.

245 JAMES PAWLE

245

JAMES (shouting to the  
Judge)  
Ask them! Just ask them!

Harrington and Crimm pull him back.

246 THE CORONER

246

bangs his gavel.

CORONER (to the Clerk)  
Who is that man?

CLERK  
James Pawle, Your Honor, brother  
of the deceased.

CORONER  
Then I shall overlook this  
outburst.

He steps down, exits through a side door.

247 CLOSE ON PAWLE

247

He stands a moment, staring after the departed  
magistrate, then turns angrily and strides out,  
ANGLE WIDENING as he goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

248 EXT. LOC. NEAR MIDWICH - BEHIND A TREE - JAMES  
PAWLE. SUNSET.

248

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK as Pawle leans forward against the trunk of a tree. He peers into the sunset. He grips a double-barreled shotgun more resolutely, slips further behind the tree as he HEARS VOICES O.S.

249 ANOTHER ANGLE

249

TRACKING WITH ALAN, ANTHEA and ZELLBY walking near the site of the Pawle accident. The DOG is frisking along with them.

ALAN

Gordon, can't you see now that  
Midwich is living on top of a  
volcano? A force is building up.  
Sooner or later it must explode

ANTHEA (unhappily)

We still haven't any proof...

ALAN

Oh for heaven's sake, what more  
proof do you need?

250 CLOSE SHOT. DOG.

250

The DOG suddenly begins to whimper and cowers back, pushing himself against ZELLBY's feet.

ALAN (cont. o.s.)

The death of James Pawle is a  
clear indication -

ZELLBY (o.s.)

Alan, I'm more aware of the  
situation than you think -

He bends down into shot to comfort the dog.

ZELLBY

Far more aware.

Suddenly he peers out into the dusk.

251 FROM HIS ANGLE - FOUR CHILDREN

251

approach from Midwich, coming silently down the  
lane.

252.     ALAN & ANTHERA     252.

Both react to a clicking sound o.s. They glance to their side and ZELLABY lines into shot.

253.     FROM THEIR ANGLE. PAWLE.     253.

Stepping out slightly from behind the tree. He clicks back the second hammer of the shotgun.

254.     FAVOURING ZELLABY     254.

With a swift glance at the children, still yards away down the lane, then another at the tree which conceals PAWLE, he hurries out, CAMERA PANNING HIM toward the tree.

255.     TREE & PAWLE     255.

PAWLE reacts as:

ZELLABY: (running in)

Jim!

Slowly PAWLE lowers the gun. Dumbfounded, ZELLABY stares at him, then at the gun.

JAMES: (defensively)

Why not? Look what they did to my brother!

ZELLABY: (quietly)

This won't bring him back.

JAMES:

But who's going to stop them if I don't try?

ZELLABY:

You can't stop them with...(he nods at the gun)  
...that. Believe me!

PAWLE watches the children come closer. He looks from them to his gun, then up at ZELLABY.

JAMES: (breaking out)

They're not human. They ought to be destroyed.

ZELLABY: (urgently)

Go home now, Jim.

JIM raises his gun again.

255  
(cont)

ZELLABY: (sharply)  
I said go home!

255  
(cont)

ZELLABY sees how close the children are getting now.  
He speaks more quietly.

ZELLABY:  
Leave here - right now, before they  
come any closer...

JAMES holds ZELLABY's look for a long instant, then  
he seems to collapse into himself and, wordlessly,  
turns to go down the bank and onto the lane, just a  
few yards ahead of the children, but not looking back,  
his head low, his shoulders sagging.

(NOTE: Delete balance of Sc. 255 at top of P.80,  
and continue with Sc. 256.)

255  
contd.

JAMES  
I - I keep thinking that I've  
got to do something before it's  
too late.

255  
contd.

ZELLBY sees how close the Children are getting now.

ZELLBY (urgently)  
Please, Jim! Leave here. Right  
now! Before they come any  
closer!

PAWLE (at last)  
All right, Mr. Zellaby.

He turns away and goes down the bank and onto the lane,  
just a few yards ahead of the Children, but not looking  
back, his head low, his shoulders sagging.

256 CLOSE ON ZELLBY

256

watching him go, his face full of pity. ANGLE WIDENS  
as Alan comes in. Neither man says anything. After a  
moment, they glance off to:

257 FROM THEIR ANGLE - THE CHILDREN

257

have stopped just beyond in the lane. They stand  
immobile. They stare off at Pawle as he walks away.

258 CLOSER ON THE CHILDREN

258

Their eyes seem hard and bright. They begin to glow.

259 FULL SHOT - THE LANE

259

ANGLED so that we SEE the Children at one point,  
James Pawle at the other. Suddenly he stops. Slowly  
he turns until he faces the Children.

260 CLOSE ON PAWLE

260

His face is suddenly grey. Then it breaks into a  
terrible sweat. His eyes open and close. He begins  
to swing the muzzle of the shot-gun around, pointing  
it toward his face.

261 CLOSE ON THE CHILDREN

261

Their eyes are wide. A lambency glows from deep  
within their irises.

- 262 ZELLEY AND ALAN 262  
stand rooted, trying to call out, but unable to speak.
- 263 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - PAWLE 263  
completely sweat-covered. The snout of the SHOT-GUN moves slowly, inexorably into FRAME.
- 264 CLOSE ON PAWLE'S HAND AND THE TRIGGER GUARD. 264  
His finger loops around the trigger. His hand tightens.
- 265 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - THE EYES OF THE CHILDREN 265
- 266 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - THE MUZZLE OF THE SHOT-GUN 266  
and PAWLE'S HEAD  
as the gun moves up and under his chin. Suddenly, the gun erupts, blasting at his head and FILLING THE SCREEN with the explosion of the shot.
- 267 ANTHEA 267  
and her horrified reaction.
- 268 LONG SHOT - THE CHILDREN 268  
look away from the lane. They turn and go back the way they've come.

DISSOLVE

269.

INT. LIBRARY. KYLE MANOR. NIGHT.

269.

DR. WILLERS & ALAN are seated in armchairs, ZELLABY is wandering about the room. There is a moment's pause, and then he turns to the others.

ZELLABY: (violently)  
All right. I'm responsible. I've never denied it. Quite possibly, but for me, these two men would be alive. I was over optimistic...

ALAN:  
I'm afraid there's quite a shindig in London - they may be after your blood, Gordon.

ZELLABY:  
Do you think I can rap about that? What beats me is that I've failed to reach the children...

ALAN:  
The point is they're shouting for action now - things have gone too far, the village is very near panicky...

SOUND o.s. of the telephone bell ringing twice. It stops, for someone o.s. has answered it.

ZELLABY:  
If I could only get into the children's minds - if I could read their thoughts as they quite obviously can read our...

WILLERS:  
Doesn't that assume they have thoughts and minds as we understand them?

ANTHEA enters. She watches ZELLABY with compassion, obviously aware of his troubled thoughts. She goes to phone, takes it off hook and holds it out to ALAN.

ANTHEA:  
It's for you, Alan. General Leighton.

ALAN rises.

ALAN:  
Excuse me.

269. Cont'd...

He comes to the phone.

ALAN:

Yes, sir.

270. C.S. ALAN.

270.

His face becomes grave as he listens

ALAN:

I see... Yes, sir.

271. RESUME ZELLABY, THE DOCTOR AND ANTHEA.

271.

ZELLABY beside fireplace wall.

ZELLABY:

If only - It's as if their minds  
were surrounded by - a - a brick  
wall....

He thumps the wall

ZELLABY:

If only I could break through it.....

ZELLABY stops, becoming conscious of the changed tone  
of ALAN's voice. He is obviously hearing some  
grave news.

ALAN: (O.S.)

.....Yes sir, certainly. Have I  
your permission to pass this on?  
Thank you, sir.

272. C.S. ALAN:

272.

He puts down the phone and turns to the others.

ALAN:

I'm afraid there have been some  
grave developments.



273 ANTHEA WILLERS & ZELLABY

273

ALAN

The Russian Army Group in the Western Urals is equipped with a new type of gun. It can project an atomic shell up to sixty miles - apparently they tried it out yesterday....

274 RESUME ALAN

274

He looks straight at ZELLABY.

ALAN (contd)

... On the village of Raminsk where their children lived....

275 COMPREHENSIVE SHOT

ZELLABY stares at him, guessing what is to come.

ALAN

... The village of Raminsk no longer exists.

ZELLABY (quietly)

You mean - everybody there?

ALAN

The entire place. They gave no warning. They couldn't evacuate the villagers without the children learning what was to happen.

He breaks off. ZELLABY and the others continue to stare at him.

275A ALAN

275A

ALAN (quietly)

Apparently they'd developed more rapidly than ours ... They'd begun to take control. The attempt by soldiers to move them was disastrous to the troops and adults.

There is a pause.

275B ZELLABY, ANTHEA WITH WILLERS

275B

ZELLABY looks quickly at him.

ZELLABY

And what is our official attitude?  
Do we blow Midwich off the face of  
the earth - without warning?

ALAN glances quickly at ANTHEA and then back to ZELLABY.

ALAN (hesitantly)

No. But in view of - recent events...

He waves a hand to the direction of the telephone.

ALAN (contd)

...They feel your compromise hasn't  
worked. Leighton thinks we ought to  
move - immediately - before it's too  
late.

ZELLABY

Destroy them?

ALAN just stares at him.

ALAN

They want me in town. They're  
meeting today to reach a decision.

276 ZELLABY, ANTHEA WITH WILLERS

276

ANTHEA & WILLERS react to this development. ZELLABY  
turns away as ALAN passes them on his way out.

DELETE SCENE 276 at top of page 84A

276 C.S. ZELLABY

276

A sudden thought strikes him as he gazes at the wall.  
He repeats more calmly and thoughtfully

ZELLABY  
- a brick wall ...

276A INT. VICARAGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT.

276A

The CAMERA is focussed on a world map showing a segment of Western Russia . We PULL BACK to disclose DAVID staring up at the map. The CAMERA pulls further back to disclose the rest of the children watching him with fixed attention. Their eyes are disturbed and they give the impression of extreme nervousness. Even DAVID is disturbed from his customary calm. He looks towards one of the boys.

276B THE BOY

276B

Without a word being spoken, the BOY seems to understand what DAVID is thinking. He moves across the group, takes a chair, sets it beneath the window and climbs up to stare out into the darkness.

276C DAVID & GROUP.

276C

DAVID stares at the other children. Their agitation drops from them. They lower their eyes to the ground and move quickly to their seats, sitting calmly down, their hands placed on the tables, their heads held downwards.

277 INT. STUDIO. STONE & SCYTHER. NIGHT.

277

A fist crashes on the counter and there is a confused babel of angry voices, with HARRINGTON'S voice in the f.g.

HARRINGTON (O.S.)  
What I say is, it's got to stop!

We PULL BACK to see HARRINGTON surrounded by a cluster of angry men, shouting their agreement.

HARRINGTON  
First Ed, then Jim Pawle. The  
authorities don't do nothing. Are  
we going to let it go on till we're  
all wiped out?

Shouts of "no" and "let's get them".

HARRINGTON  
Right then. All those who are  
with me, follow me.

277 More shouts as he breaks through them, making for the 277  
contd. door, with the men following him. contd.

278 EXT. LOC. MIDWICH NIGHT. 278

The men come pouring out of the pub, led by HARRINGTON and start menacingly down the main street.

279 INT. STUDIO. HARRINGTONS LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 279

Shooting from outside through window. Noise of MEN passing O.S. EVELYN is at the window looking out. In the background we see MRS. HARRINGTON at the table with her head in her hands.

280 INT. VICARAGE CLASSROOM. NIGHT. 280

C.S. THE BOY: at the window. He sees the approaching group of men. He turns his head. looking over his shoulder at DAVID.

280A THE BOY 280A

in foreground. The CHILDREN still sitting calmly. DAVID beside them.

DAVID in response to the Boy's look, turns to look at him.

THE BOY moves down from the chair, goes to take his place at the tables, as DAVID, with a last look at the CHILDREN, moves to the door and goes out.

281. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH. NIGHT. 281.

TRACKING SHOT: CLOSE on HARRINGTON quickly advancing with the MEN behind him.

EXT. LOC. DOORWAY OF VICARAGE. NIGHT. 282.

DAVID stands in the Doorway, looking out, CAMERA TRACKING towards him.

283. C.S. BRUSHWOOD 283.

Being picked up by one of the MEN. Others in b.g. picking up more brushwood.

284. C.S. HARRINGTON

Lighting an improvised torch made of brushwood and branches

285. FULL SHOT.

The MEN facing the vicarage. Several now carry lighted torches.

286. RESUME DAVID 286.

Standing in the vicarage Doorway.

287. MR. HARRINGTON. 287.

His face flickering in the torchlight. He begins to advance, the others just behind him. He comes into C.U.

Suddenly his face turns grey. The beads of sweat begin to break out across his face. The torch burns just inches from his head.

288. CLOSER ON DAVID 288.

and his lambent eyes.

289. EXTREME CLOSE UP - HARRINGTON'S EYES 289.

As he receives the full impact of David's will

290. MEDIUM SHOT - HARRINGTON AND THE MEN AROUND HIM 290.  
 Slowly, Harrington's hand, which clutches the torch, opens. The torch falls at his feet, CAMERA PANNING it down. At once the flames begin to lap against the cuffs of his trousers.
291. ANOTHER ANGLE THE MEN 291.  
 horrified, but seemingly unable to move, unable even to cry out.
292. HARRINGTON 292.  
 as the flames engulf his clothes He stands there, immobile, then suddenly he is a pillar of fire.
293. DAVID 293.  
 turns away, goes inside the vicarage.
294. FULL SHOT - THE MEN 294.  
 suddenly come to life. Harrington emits one piercing, dying scream, tries to beat at the flames which engulf him. The men rush to him, using their coats, trying to snuff out the fire.
295. INT. STUDIO. ALAN'S CAR. PROCESS. NIGHT. 295.  
 CLOSE on ALAN as he drives. He becomes conscious of a commotion ahead. A fitful flicker of firelight crosses his face. He turns the wheel.
296. EXT. LOC. MIDWICH NIGHT. 296.  
 As ALAN'S car turns a corner.
297. EXT. LOC. VICARAGE. NIGHT. 297.  
 Shot through windscreen of ALAN'S approaching car; the group of men, beating at the blazing HARRINGTON.

298. ANOTHER ANGLE 298.

ALAN'S car stops, and ALAN leaps out of it, and runs towards the MEN, CAMERA panning with him. HARRINGTON is now obscured by the MEN.

299. C.S. ALAN 299.

Staring horrified.

300. THE MEN 300.

One of them rises into the f.g. of the shot.

MAN:

He is dead.

301. RESUME ALAN 301.

He whirls and CAMERA DOLLIES BACK as he strides into the vicarage yard and directly to the front door. He pounds on the door.

302. CLOSER ALAN AT THE DOOR 302.

It opens. One of the boys is revealed in a square of yellow light. Alan pushes past him.

303. INT. THE VICARAGE 303.

Alan strides into the main study room. The Children sit in two groups, the boys on one side of a table, the girls on the other.

ALAN (singling him out)

David ..... I must speak to you.

The boy rises, comes to where Alan stands.

304. CLOSER ANGLE - ALAN AND DAVID 304.

ALAN

A man is dead.

David looks at him without expression.

304  
(cont)

DAVID:  
We must protect ourselves.

304  
(cont)

ALAN:  
The law exists for your protection.

DAVID:  
It is of no use to us.

ALAN suddenly loses his temper.

ALAN:  
Of no use to you, is it? Well -  
if you think you're going to be  
allowed to live by your own laws,  
laws we don't subscribe to...

DAVID interrupts him sharply, looking at him with a  
new expression.

DAVID:  
You're thinking of what happened  
to the others - in another country...

Behind him, the other children rise and move in towards  
ALAN. ALAN begins to feel their power and begins to be  
afraid, nevertheless, he is determined to pit himself  
and his anger against them.

ALAN:  
Yes, if you know about that, you  
should know what to expect.

305.

FAVOURING DAVID

305.

He speaks very emphatically and precisely.

DAVID:  
It will not happen to us.

306.

FAVOURING ALAN

306.

He is barely able to control himself.

ALAN:  
You little...

307.

C.S. DAVID

307.

Quite calm, but with quiet assurance that is somehow  
menacing.

DAVID:  
It will not happen to us because  
we have to survive no matter what  
the cost.



307a. FULL SHOT.

307a.

ALAN turns towards the door, but DAVID's voice stops him.

DAVID:  
I don't think you will go to London.

Almost as if some unseen power were fighting with him, ALAN turns.

DAVID:  
We are now the only ones left, and you must learn that we are determined to survive...

307b. CLOSE ON ALAN

307b.

He is held by DAVID's eyes.

DAVID:  
...and that there is nothing you can do to stop us.

308. EXTREME CLOSE SHOT DAVID'S EYES

308

As they begin to glow.

DAVID:  
You have to be taught to leave us alone.

309. EXTREME CLOSE UP - ALAN

309.

HOLD on him with STOP-MOTION.

310. DAVID'S EYES

310.

as though a light were crackling from them.

DAVID:

Leave us alone!

311. EXTREME CLOSE UP - ALAN

311.

His face covered with beads of water. Suddenly his mouth goes slack. CAMERA DOLLIES in on his eyes. They widen - almost to the bursting point - and all at once they wash out, appearing milky, blank and without cornea - like the white of a hard-boiled egg.

DISSOLVE TO:

312. INT. KYLE MANOR - A BEDROOM EXTREME CLOSE SHOT  
ALAN'S EYES.

312.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a tableau, grim and melancholy; ANTHEA at Alan's bedside, the Doctor with ZELLABY at the foot of the bed. Alan lies motionless, eyes open, blank toward the ceiling.

ANTHEA turns fearful, questioning eyes toward her husband. Zellaby crosses to the bed and reaches down for the girl. He lifts her gently.

ZEL LABY:

He's out of danger now. Go to the library, I'll be right there.

ANTHEA exits.

313: FAVORING DR. WILLERS

313

313  
(cont)

DR. WILLIERS:

I've never seen anything like it before, Gordon. For a while he was totally paralyzed. (Bending closer over ALAN) But now his pupils are returning to normal. His pulse is less rapid and stringy. He is swallowing more evenly - his colour is returning... He's certainly coming round. I've never seen as severe case of shock. Medically, it's impossible.

313  
(cont)

ZELLABY doesn't reply. He stares down at his brother-in-law.

314.

CLOSE ON ALAN.

314.

DR. WILLIERS: (o.s.)

It's time London sent in some troops.

ZELLABY: (o.s.)

I've already spoken to General Leighton. No troops will be sent and no police.

315.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - ZELLABY & DR. WILLIERS:

315.

ZELLABY: (cont)

Tonight should be enough for all of us...(a little bitterly)...even for myself. Troops are not the answer - send soldiers and they would shoot each other.

WILLIERS:

What is the answer, then?

ZELLABY:

I don't know yet. But it is up to me to find it - no more people must be hurt.

WILLIERS:

Is there no limit to the power of these children?

ZELLABY:

No more than there is a limit to the mind.

DISSOLVE:

316.      INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. NIGHT.      316.

C.S. DAVID. He is standing, quite expressionless, waiting. He shifts his gaze to the door as it opens o.s.

317.      AT THE DOOR.      317.

ANTHEA, still very upset, enters. As she sees DAVID, she reacts strongly.

ANTHEA:

David!

318.      TWO SHOT.      318.

Mother and son are facing each other across the width of the room. ANTHEA instinctively half turns away from her son's eyes.

ANTHEA:

What do you want here? I should have thought...

DAVID:

I want to speak to my father.

ANTHEA comes to him. Some ineradicable remnant of maternal feeling towards him prompts her to make a last attempt to reach his heart.

ANTHEA:

David, why do you have to do these dreadful things? Wherever it is you have come from, you're part of us now - could you not learn to live with us and help us to live with you?

DAVID looks at her calmly, then simply repeats

DAVID:

I want to speak to my father.

He shifts his eyes to the door, anticipating its opening.

319.      AT DOOR.      319.

It opens to admit ZELLABY. He does not at once see DAVID.

ZELLABY:

The effects seem to be...

Then his eyes shift as he sees DAVID.

320. C.S. DAVID.

320.

Speaking calmly.

DAVID:

we Major Bernard will be all right.  
What I did was only to warn him -  
and all of you.

321. COMPREHENSIVE SHOT.

321.

ZELLABY turns to ANTHEA.

ZELLABY:

Leave us, Anthea.

ANTHEA:

But, I...

ZELLABY: (sharply)

Leave us! (then more softly)  
Please.

With a look of defeat, ANTHEA leaves. For a moment  
DAVID and ZELLABY face each other.

DAVID: (a statement)

You are not afraid of us.

ZELLABY:

No. There would be no point. But  
I am sorry - sorry that I was wrong  
about you.

DAVID:

If you did not suffer from emotions,  
from feelings, you could be as  
powerful as we are.

ZELLABY: (sadly)

Yes.

DAVID:

You will never reach our minds.  
And I have come to say that it is  
time for us to go.

ZELLABY:

Go where?

321  
(cont)

DAVID:  
Away from here - before they  
try to destroy us.

321  
(cont)

ZELLABY:  
What will you do?

DAVID:  
Spread out and disperse. Soon  
we will have reached a stage where  
we can form new colonies: in the  
meantime we have attracted too  
much attention. You must help us  
leave.

ZELLABY crosses into the room. He keeps his face  
averted from the boy.

ZELLABY:  
How do you wish me to help you?

DAVID:  
You will arrange a method of getting  
us away from here without attracting  
attention. And you will find a number  
of families who will take us in,  
spread over the country.

322.

C.S. ZELLABY

322.

He is thinking rapidly and playing for time.

ZELLABY:  
It'll need some organising. I'll  
have to have a day or two.

DAVID:  
Yes. And be sure no one finds out,  
otherwise more people will be hurt.

323.

C.S. DAVID

323.

Looking intently at ZELLABY.

DAVID:  
You'll tell us the arrangements  
you have made when you come to  
give us our lesson on Friday.

324. C.S. ZELLABY

324.

He turns round - and, like ANTHEA, cannot help himself from making a final appeal.

ZELLABY:

David...

325. RESUME DAVID

325.

He interrupts him quickly.

DAVID:

You won't be able to deceive us -  
you know that, don't you?

326. C.U. ZELLABY

326.

Holding the boy's look and, as it were, relaxing.

ZELLABY:

Yes, I know that.

327. TWO SHOT.

327.

DAVID looks back at him, then turns to go.

DAVID:

Very well. Let us know your  
arrangements on Friday. (with  
incongruous politeness). Good  
night, father.

ZELLABY:

Goodnight, David.

DAVID goes. ZELLABY stands alone in the room for a moment, then he crosses to the fireplace and gazes at the brick wall.

328. C.U. ZELLABY

328.

Staring at the wall intently.

ZELLABY:

Like a brick wall...

329. C.S. BRICK WALL  
TRACKING IN.

329.

ZELLABY: (o.s.)

A thought barrier...a mind shield.  
I must impose a mind shield...

DISSOLVE TO:

330

INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. NIGHT.

C.S. ZELLABY'S HANDS. He is playing the piano in a quiet, reflective mood.  
We PULL BACK to his face, thoughtful, absorbed, abstracted.

330A

INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR HALL. NIGHT.

330A

The sounds of the piano continue over-scene. ANTHERA, dressed for a journey, supports the convalescing ALAN down the stairs. Her attention is divided between her brother and the sound of the piano. From the hesitant way in which ALAN half feels his way it is evident that his sight is still partly impaired.

ANTHERA  
All right now?

ALAN (smiling)  
Eyesight still a bit foggy, but  
clearing all the time!

They have reached the bottom of the stairs. ANTHERA crosses towards the Library Door.

330B

INT. STUDIO. LIBRARY. NIGHT.

330B

Shooting across ZELLABY at the piano in the f.g. ANTHERA enters and stands in the doorway. ZELLABY smiles towards her and goes on playing.

ZELLABY  
Remember this? You wore a dark  
blue dress. Your hair was longer.  
It caught the moonlight.

ANTHERA  
We're ready, Gordon.

ZELLABY stops playing and rises from the piano.

ZELLABY  
Good.

He crosses the room towards her. She looks a little unhappy.

ANTHERA  
I wish you -

ZELLABY (breaking in)  
Eightfifteen now. You should be  
in town by half past nine.



330B  
contd.

ANTHEA  
I wish you'd let me stay  
with you - or come with us.

330B  
contd.

He has reached her and puts an arm about her shoulder.

ZELLABY  
You know that isn't possible.  
I've got things to do here -

He pushes her gently into the hall.

330C

INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR HALL. NIGHT.

330C

Shooting across ALAN in the foreground as ZELLABY and  
ANTHEA come out of the Library.

ZELLABY (contd)  
- and poor old Alan would go  
into the nearest tree if we let  
him drive.

They cross towards ALAN who smiles ruefully.

ALAN  
Nothing like feeling useless.

ANTHEA  
You're still going to the children  
tonight -

ZELLABY (lightly)  
Every Wednesday and Friday.

ANTHEA  
After what's happened?

ZELLABY  
Especially. I believe I've found  
a way of getting through to them,  
if I'm right, we'll have no more  
trouble with them.

ANTHEA  
How?

ZELLABY  
I'll tell you if I succeed. Now  
come on - I don't want you to be  
on the road all night ...

Suddenly ANTHEA throws herself into his arms and starts to  
cry. He holds her and lifts her head gently.

330C  
contd.

97  
(rev. 18.11.59)

ZELLABY  
Here - this isn't like you.

330C  
contd.

She pulls herself together and tries to smile.

ANTHEA  
I'm sorry. It's - it's silly and womanish, but I'm afraid of them - I'm afraid for you whenever you're with them.

ZELLABY (with conviction)  
They won't harm me. In a strange way they trust me. Even David seemed to accept me - divorced from my emotions, of course.

ANTHEA gives a brief smile.

ZELLABY  
All right now?

ANTHEA  
Yes.

Slowly he draws her towards him in a tender kiss. Then, lightly again, he pushes her towards ALAN.

ZELLABY  
Good night. Off you go. And - er - Alan, look after her for me, she's been the better part of me always.

ALAN  
I'll ring you in the morning.

ZELLABY  
Do that.

They go. ZELLABY stands at the doorway, watching them for a moment.

330D EXT. LOC. KYLE MANOR. DAY FOR NIGHT.

330D

ALAN's car, with ANTHEA at the wheel and ALAN beside her, drives away from the front door.

330E INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR HALL. NIGHT.

330E

High angle shot. ZELLABY's manner, now that he is alone, becomes brisk and hurried. He turns back towards the library.

331 INT. STUDIO. KYLE MANOR LIBRARY. NIGHT.

331

ZELLABY enters the Library, shuts the door, and moves over to his desk. He unlocks one of the drawers.

332 CLOSER SHOT

332

He reaches inside and removes an apparatus which resembles a storage battery.

333 INSERT: BATTERY

333

As he works with the wires of the apparatus.

334 C.S. ZELLABY

334

As he works, he looks and stares at...

335 FIREPLACE AND BRICK WALL

335

CAMERA TRACKING IN SLIGHTLY.

336 RESUME ZELLABY

336

Concentrating on wall. Then he looks down at:

CONTINUE PAGE 98 UP TO AND INCLUDING SCENE 342.

337.     INSERT. BATTERY.     337.

He turns a dial. There is a faint humming sound. Then, carefully, he turns a hand on the clock face of the box, setting it to eight-thirty.

338.     COMPREHENSIVE SHOT.     338.

ZELLABY rises, puts the box into a briefcase, shuts it with a snap and crosses the room. He stands for a moment, confronting the brick wall.

339.     C.S. ZELLABY.     339.

He concentrates hard and shuts his eyes.

ZELLABY: (softly, to himself)  
Brick wall...think of a brick wall...

A small whining sound makes him open his eyes.

340.     THE DOG.     340.

Wagging his tail, runs toward CAMERA. ZELLABY bends down into shot, and pats his head.

ZELLABY:  
Sorry, old chap. You can't come.  
Look after your mistress for me.

341.     COMPREHENSIVE SHOT.     341.

As ZELLABY straightens up and walks rapidly out of the room.

342.     THE DOG.     342.

Looking a little sadly after ZELLABY. CAMERA PANS away from the dog to the fireplace. We TRACK IN to a clock establishing the time at 8.15, then PAN away and TRACK very closely into the brick wall.

343.     EXT. VICARAGE. LOC. NIGHT.     343.

ZELLABY's car drives up and stops in C.S. CAMERA TRACKS in on him as he sits for a moment motionlessly at the wheel.

VICAR: (o.s.)  
Evening, Gordon.

ZELLABY appears not to hear him.

DELETE LAST TWO LINES OF SCENE 343 ON PAGE 98.

344 THE VICARAGE. ZELLABY'S POINT OF VIEW.

344

344A EXT. LOC. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT)

344A

ALAN's car passes CAMERA at speed.

344B INT. ALAN'S CAR. STUDIO. NIGHT. (PROCESS)

344B

ANTHEA is driving, with ALAN beside her. ANTHEA is frowning and thinking. Suddenly she says:

ANTHEA

Alan, what did he mean?

ALAN

What?

ANTHEA

Why should he ask you to look after me?

ALAN (puzzled)

I don't know. It's - er - a manner of speech...

CAMERA TRACKS into a C.U. of ANTHEA's worried expression.

CUT TO:

CONTINUE PAGE 100 SCENE 345.

345. INT. STUDIO. THE VICARAGE. NIGHT.

345.

The children are sitting silently waiting for ZELLABY'S entrance. Their very motionlessness is somehow frightening sinister.

ZELLABY comes striding briskly in. He starts speaking at once and avoids looking at the children.

ZELLABY:

Good evening, children. Tonight we are going to talk about Atomic Energy -

He puts the briefcase on the table in front of him and now faces the children.

ZELLABY:

- and how discoveries made about a hundred years ago completely changed -

He finds himself looking straight at -

346. DAVID

346.

fixing him with a burning look ZELLABY's voice begins to trail away.

ZELLABY:

.. our conception of the elements and the place of the atom -

DAVID: (interrupting)

You were to tell us tonight what arrangements you have made for us.

347. C.S. ZELLABY.

347.

His eyes flickering with sudden fear as they see -

348. WALL CLOCK

It indicates eight twenty seven

348.

ZELLABY: (stolidly)

- and the place of -

DAVID: (O.S.).

It is eight twenty seven.  
Why are you anxious?

349. RESUME ZELLABY

349.

Struggling to set his face into a stolid expression.

ZELLABY:

The arrangements I have made  
for you. Yes.

350. CLOSE ON DAVID

350.

and the other children, pressing forward, staring  
up at ZELLABY.

ZELLABY: ( Cont'd O.S )

I shall - tell you - about these  
- in a minute.....

351. EXTREME C.U. ZELLABY

351.

His stolid, expressionless face.

ZELLABY: (expressionlessly)

First I must finish my lesson.  
The question of atomic energy -

DAVID: (O.S.)

You are not thinking of atomic  
energy -

352. EXTREME C.U. DAVID

352.

Trying to penetrate into ZELLABY's mind

DAVID: (slowly)

You are thinking of -

353 EXTREME CLOSE UP ZELLABY

353

DAVID'S VOICE (o.s.)  
... a brick wall.

ZELLABY'S INNER VOICE  
(almost as though an echo)  
Brick wall ... brick wall ...  
brick wall...

354 CAMERA DOLLIES IN on Zellaby's eyes, on his sweat-covered forehead. CAMERA CONTINUES in, as though passing directly into Zellaby's brain, so that the FRAME seems to gray out around the edges. Suddenly the center of the FRAME comes into sharp FOCUS, the gray remaining in the outer border. We see a brick wall, a section of a brick wall.

354

Then it is as though a sand-blast drill were directed at the brick, blasting it, chipping it, tearing at it to get through to the other side.

355 THE WALL CLOCK

355

as the hand moves to eight twenty-nine.

356 EXTREME CLOSE UP THE CHILDREN'S EYES

356

aglow like coals.

357 EXTREME CLOSE UP ZELLABY'S FACE

357

starting to break and to tremble.

358 BACK TO SCENE 354

358

as the brick wall starts to crumble. Suddenly a hole is torn through. CAMERA MOVES IN swiftly toward this hole and we see a box, a box with wires, a box that ticks softly, a box with a clock on its face. A clock that is set for eight-thirty.

359 FAVOURING DAVID

359

He whirls away from Zellaby, turning, with all the other Children, as one child, turning to see:

360 THE WALL CLOCK

360

Its minute hand starts to move to eight-thirty. We whip pan to the briefcase and zoom into it.

CUT TO:



361 EXT. LOC. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. (DAY FOR NIGHT)

361

LOW ANGLE SHOT. ALAN's car drives CLOSE UP TO CAMERA and comes to an abrupt stop.

362 INT. ALAN'S CAR. STUDIO. NIGHT. (B.P. or Backing)

362

ANTHEA at the wheel, staring straight ahead. ALAN looks at her curiously.

ALAN

What's the matter.

ANTHEA (tensely)

I'm going back.

ALAN

But why?

ANTHEA

I'm going back!

She revs the engine.

363 EXT. LOC. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT ( DAY FOR NIGHT)

363

ALAN's car backs sharply to turn back into the direction from which it has come. Suddenly it becomes illuminated by a glow and there is a distant, booming explosion.

364 EXT. LOC. COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT)

364

Beyond the distant trees and hills, the night sky becomes fitfully illuminated by the same, flickering glow.

365 INT. ALAN'S CAR. STUDIO. NIGHT. (B.P. or Backing)

365

ANTHEA's face reflects the glow as, horror struck, she stares straight ahead.

366 INT. LIBRARY. KYLE MANOR. NIGHT.

366

C.S. OF DOG - reacting.

367 INT. VICAR'S STUDY

367

C.S. THE VICAR - reacting.

368 INT. CAR.

368

C.S. ALAN - His eyes, staring. He turns to look questioningly at ANTHEA.

369 INT. CAR

369

C.S. ANTHEA. As if in a nightmare. She mouths the word 'NO' - as we track close in to her face.

EXT. THE VICARAGE. NIGHT.

370

The vicarage is burning fiercely, flames leap from the windows. We track in to the fire which fills the screen as we:  
FADE OUT.

MURDER